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Salt Lake

## THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR, VOL. 58, NO. 7

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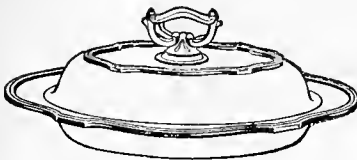
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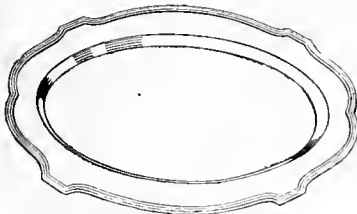
### CONTENTS FOR JULY, 1923

The President of the United States at the Salt Lake Country Club .....	Frontispiece
My Country (a Poem).....	Alfred Osmond 325
Two Prayers.....	Lafayette Hanchett 327
Historic Shrines in America (Illustrated) .....	Howard R. Driggs 328
Some Famous Last Words.....	331
Our for Character.....	F. C. Sharp 332
My Prayer (A Poem) .....	Alice Morrill 333
Dorcas.....	Ezra J. Poulson 334
The Higher Call (a Poem).....	.....
.....	Grace Ingles Frost 339
Editorial Thoughts—Prohibition.....	340
Signs of the Times.....	J. M. Sjodahl 342
If I Were Rich (a Poem).....	Tom Wylie 344
Sunday School Work.....	345
Why Christian Education?.....	349
Teacher-Training Department.....	.....
.....	L. John Nuttall 364
Religion Classes.....	Harrison R. Merrill 366
Would Mother Object?.....	.....
.....	L. Lula Greene Richards 368
Food for Thought.....	370
It Takes Grit.....	370
Juvenile Doll Cut-Outs.....	371
Something to Color.....	J. A. Bywater 372
The Children's Budget Box.....	373
Pinky-Winky Stories.....	378
The Funny Bone.....	380

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## My Country

My Native land is dearer far to me  
Than any other land beneath the sun.  
The magnitude of its high destiny,  
If measured by the service it has done,  
And conflicts for the right that it has won,  
Inspire the faith that it will rise and shine  
With all the splendor of the noonday sun,  
Combining both the human and divine,  
To foster every creed and shelter every shrine.

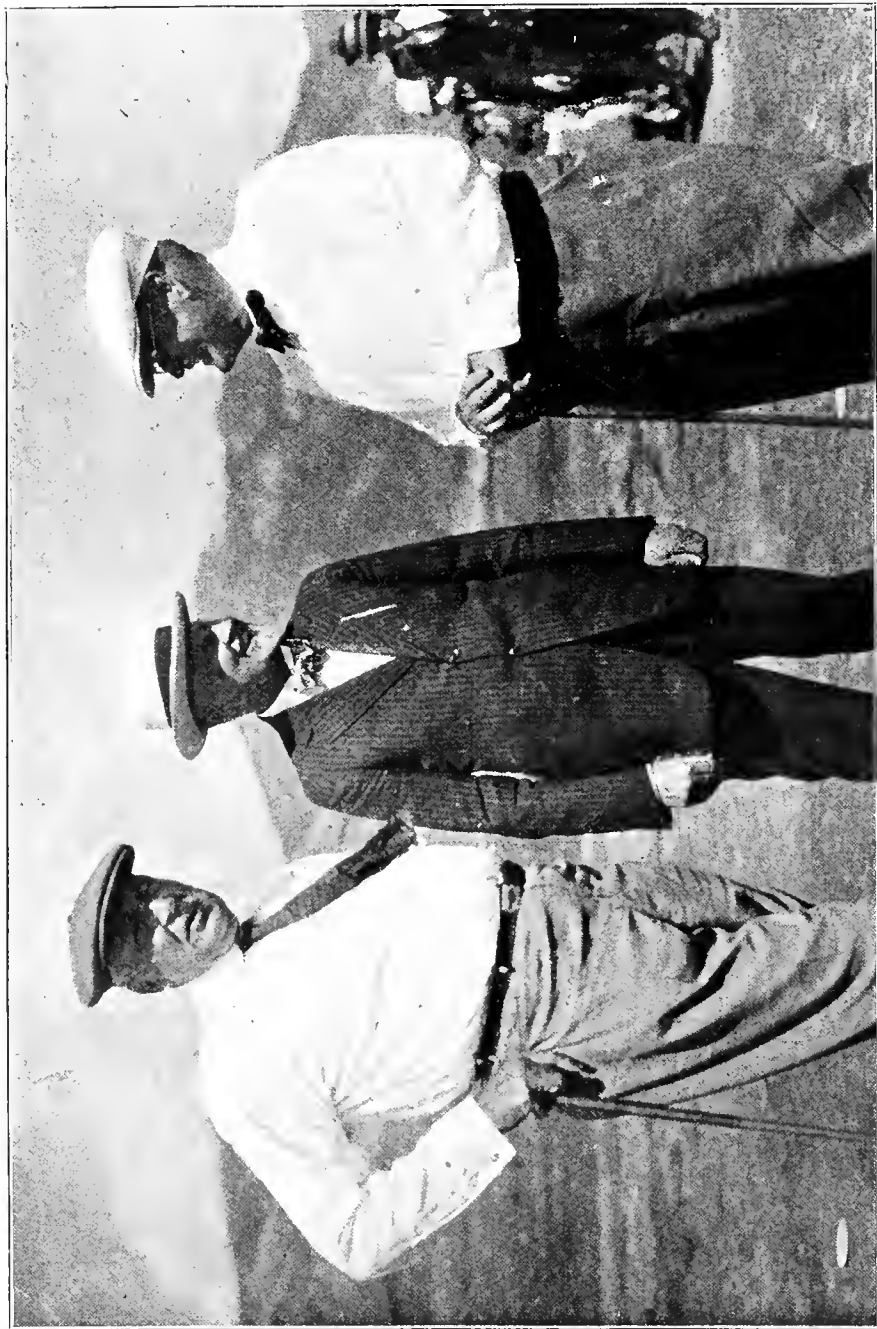
Talk not to me of its untimely death,  
Of insurrections and of greed and hate  
Which are to strangle out its vital breath,  
Nor baneful agencies of time and fate  
That are to rifle and to confiscate  
The treasures which our hearts so dearly prize;  
For that same God who made it strong and great  
Is watching over it with jealous eyes,  
And He will cause the mists of impotence to rise.

We are not all we sometimes seem to be—  
Provincial, ignorant and madly craving  
The grosser goods which selfishness can see  
In carnal forms, attractive, but enslaving,  
For wings of wisdom dimly o'er us waving,  
Above the fancy of our fondest dreams,  
Allure us to the grace that has been saving  
The drowning ages from the Stygian streams  
Where starlight fades away and sunlight never beams.

Columbia was not born to be destroyed  
By conflagrations that are brightly burning.  
Her destiny may seem restrained and cloyed,  
But tides of time will always have a turning.  
The liberty for which her soul was yearning  
Will show the world it was not won in vain.  
The crown of peace which tragedy is earning  
Will justify the treasures and the pain  
That it is costing life to purchase and maintain.

—Alfred Osmond.





**THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES AT THE SALT LAKE COUNTRY CLUB**

From left to right: President Warren G. Harding, Frederick Huntington Gillette, Speaker of the National House of Representatives, Lee Charles Miller.





Vol. 58

JULY, 1923

No. 7

## Two Prayers

*By Lafayette Hanchett*

For five days prior to the visit of the Presidential party to Zion National Park, it seemed as if the elements had conspired with the Evil One to make the visit impossible. The Wind Gods drove their chariots through the air with forty mile gales; the dirt and dust rose in vast clouds.

The good "Mormon" people of Iron and Washington counties raised their voices in prayer, asking that the President of the United States be permitted to see the world wonders within their borders in both comfort and safety.

When the Presidential train was leaving Salt Lake City, the wind was still raging across the southern desert; but it suddenly stilled—the morning dawned, bright, beautiful and quiet. The President came, journeyed safely to the great canyon, and returned to his train. As he climbed the steps of his private car, a silent prayer of thanks went up from the gathered throng—the prayer of the day before had been answered.

The President had ended his speech to the group hovering about the train—he entered his car; the door closed and the curtains were tightly drawn, and then the great day seemed over, when the silence was broken by a woman's voice in song—first, one or two, then ten, twenty, then a hundred or more joined. There was no officious conductor; no paid chorus; no orchestral accompaniments; just these

honest country people singing. It grew upon me that this was not a song; it was a prayer, welling up from the hearts of these good women, when the words "God be with you, till we meet again" came timidly, sweetly and tremulously from a thousand throats.

I have heard the great music of Wagner rendered by the artists of Munich, and have been enraptured by the masters of song in Grand Opera at Paris, and have thrilled when the voice of Caruso, lifted in majestic grandeur above a singing congregation of twenty thousand, in Madison Square Garden, as he sang "America." But never have I been so deeply touched as I was by the voices of these good people that night as they sang "God be with you, till we meet again," for it seemed as though He who sets the Great Stage of Life, had set this scene, and had turned streams of moonlight down through the foliage of the great old trees, and here and there, had so shot a moonbeam, that it touched a bowed and grizzled old head, from which a quavering cracked voice joined devoutly in the refrain.

It was not a song; it was a prayer.

[Editors' Note.—The above article was sent by Mr. Hanchett to President Heber J. Grant with the request: "Do me the favor to read this." President Grant was so impressed with the beauty of Mr. Hanchett's tribute that he wired it in full to President Harding, then at Tacoma on his way to Alaska.]





**SLEEPY HOLLOW**  
Visitors at Lunch on the Green

## Historic Shrines in America

*By Howard R. Driggs*

### OLD SLEEPY HOLLOW

A few weeks ago a crowd of Utahns decided to take a series of little excursions to some of the historic shrines that are in and about New York City. These particular folk, by the way, were sojourning in Gotham, being there for school, music, art, business and other work. They had seen most of the usual things—the shows, the sky-scrapers, and the Bowery—and they thought they would find something that lay closer to the real heart of the old city—the historic spots.

Sleepy Hollow was suggested and unanimously approved as the first place to be visited, so there we went—about thirty of us, with picnic boxes in hand. Taking the subway at Columbia University station, we shot through the long tunnel that has been bored through Washington Heights, and out we came into the open for a ride on to the end of the line. Then we took a

surface car and went through Yonkers up the Hudson to Hastings, at which point we boarded a bus, and on we went past the delightful estates with their lawns and great shade trees, until we finally reached Tarrytown.

We tarried here long enough to take a look at the stately monument erected to the memory of the three American patriots—Spaulding, Van Wert, and Williams—who captured Major Andre near this spot. The unfortunate British officer was making his way in disguise down the river from West Point, when he was apprehended by these three yeomen. He had been plotting, you remember, with Benedict Arnold, who had agreed to betray his country to the British.

The Americans did not like the looks of things. They halted Andre and searched him, but at first found nothing. They were about to let him go, when one of them, Williams, I think



it was, said, "Hold on! Take off your boots!"

Andre turned pale, but he had to obey. And there, in his boots, the yeomen found the papers on which he and

of the men who helped to capture Major Andre. We are still very close to that event so vital in our country's story. In the congressional library is the letter which Andre wrote pleading with Washington to be given a soldier's death. He wanted to be shot, not hanged. His request was not granted. The British had shown no mercy to Nathan Hale.

Not far from the monument which commemorates this sad story is the famous Sleepy Hollow. Those who have read "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," the tale which makes this spot



THE OLD CHURCH

Arnold had worked out plans for the capture of West Point, the key to the Hudson. The prisoner was taken at once to Washington, and hanged as a spy. The Americans tried to capture Arnold, but this arch traitor escaped, joined the enemy and in anger led a British army over into his home state, Connecticut, where he burned New London, near his birthplace.

Last winter I had the pleasure of meeting a veteran of more than ninety years, Charles Benedict, who married the daughter of John Spaulding, one



IRVING'S GRAVE

famous, will remember that in it Irving tells how fearful Ichabod Crane was to pass the spot where Major Andre had been captured. It was right near this spot, indeed, that Brom Bones, the Headless Horseman, sud-



denly appeared to frighten the schoolmaster out of his wits.

Down the hill these created characters rode together, until Ichabod saw that his companion had no head; and then, panic-stricken, he put whip and spur to old Gunpowder, his borrowed steed; and away they went pell-mell on to the bridge that separated Sleepy Hollow Creek. Here the Headless

sel, whom Ichabod had tried to win, were never pestered by the pedagogue any more. They got married, of course, and lived happily in good old Dutch fashion ever afterward, until they died and were buried, perhaps, in the old cemetery by the church, which is still standing among the trees, by the road.

We found the name Van Tassel, at least, on the decaying gravestones. The older part of the cemetery is filled with the graves of Dutch settlers. On one monument we are told that the man and his good wife lying there gave breakfast to the captors of Major Andre. Many other interesting epitaphs are to be found to the memory of the Revolutionary patriots.

The grave of first interest, however, is that of Washington Irving. It was this dean of American writers who made not only Sleepy Hollow, but all the Hudson famous in story. Most fitting it is that he should be sleeping in the place he so loved.

His tomb is a simple one. It is well up towards the top of the hill overlooking the Hollow. On a plain white monument among others of his family, we find his name. Visitors love to linger and dream at this spot. It seems to breathe the spirit of the quiet man who rests there in peace.

The quaint old Dutch church past which Brom Bones is supposed to have ridden is another interesting place. It is said to be the oldest church in America still in use. A quaker-like simplicity marks this old place of worship. As we looked through the windows we saw the plain wooden seats and the simple pulpit. No ostentation about it at all—just a place where country folk have worshiped for two centuries, perhaps longer.

Farther down the Hollow, near where we spread our lunch, on the velvety sward, is the old Phillipse Manor. This delightful old Colonial home, owned by Elsie Janis, the actress, is connected rather romantically with the name of



SLEEPY HOLLOW BRIDGE

Horseman, rising in his stirrups, flung his head at Ichabod. The pumpkin head hit the schoolmaster fairly and tumbled him into the dust, while Brom Bones on his black horse, dashed away at the heels of the stampeding old Gunpowder, past the old Church, and over the hills to the north. That was the last that Sleepy Hollow ever saw of Ichabod. Brom and Katrina Van Tas-



Washington. The tale clings about it, that he sought here the hand of fair Clara, but was unsuccessful in his suit. It is a romantic story anyway, whether true or not, so why spoil it? We enjoyed looking at the old Manor much more when we realized that it was such a historic shrine.

And then, after we had feasted on our picnic and on the interesting sights and tales of Old Sleepy Hollow, we turned back to our homes in the heart of New York, all anxious for another trip to some other familiar spot in that hobbling city.



AFTER LUNCH AT SLEEPY HOLLOW

### Some Famous Last Words

"I wonder if it's loaded. I'll look down the barrel and see."

"Oh, listen! That's the train whistle. Step on the accelerator, and we'll try to get across before it comes."

"They say these things can't possibly explode, no matter how much you throw them around."

"I wonder whether this rope will hold my weight."

"It's no fun a swimming around in here. I'm going out beyond the life lines."

"Which one of these is the third rail, anyway?"

"There is only one way to manage a mule. Walk right up in back of him and surprise him."

"That firecracker must have gone out. I'll light it again."

"Watch me skate out passed the 'Danger sign.' I bet I can touch it."

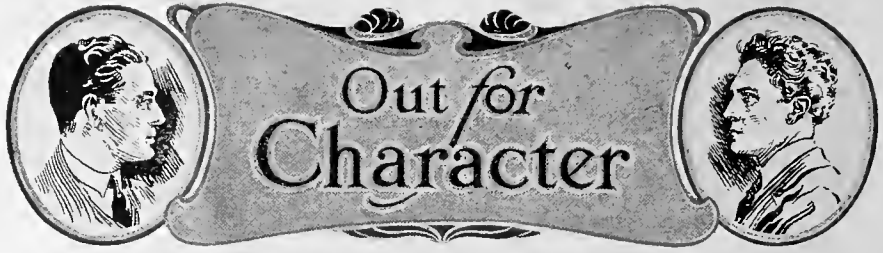
"These traffic policemen think they own the city. They can't stop me. I'm going to cross the street now. Let the chauffeurs look out for me."

"What a funny noise that snake makes. I think I'll s'ep on him."

"I've never driven a car in traffic before. But they say it's perfectly simple."

"I think I'll mix a little nitric acid with this chloride of potassium and see what happens."—*Life*.





*By F. C. Sharp, Ph. D., Professor in the University of Wisconsin*

#### SELF-CONTROL

A boy or man without self-control is a ship without a rudder, practically certain to be wrecked sooner or later, because his course is determined not by his own plans and purposes but by the winds of chance that blow upon him and the currents that chance to drag him hither and yon. Everyone knows this, so everyone wants to possess the power of self-control. Any suggestions about how to gain it will, therefore, be welcomed by everyone except those cocksure persons who think they have all of this article anyone could possibly need, or those cowards who have already made up their minds to accept defeat.

Everyone with red blood in him likes a fight, and, while he is about it, he wants an opponent that can make him sweat. A high school football team would have no interest in playing a team from a grade school. But no one wants to fight all the time; and everyone wants to feel that his fighting counts for something. Certain savages suppose that the strength of a defeated enemy passes over to themselves. This is undoubtedly a myth. But it is not a myth, but a well established principle of psychology, that each conquest gives strength that makes the next fight easier, and that if one has the moral backbone never to allow himself to suffer defeat, a rebellious impulse will disappear with surprising rapidity. Men who have found themselves being injured by smoking have told me that if they figured out in advance what they would do if the longing got too strong for them, they went through an agony

of restless desire for weeks, but if they resolutely turned their back on the whole thing and refused to admit (not through conceit, but through determination) the possibility of weakening, the worst of it was over in a comparatively few days. They looked upon those few days as one does who goes to a hospital for an operation that will restore him to health. But there is that one difference, and it is a big one. The man or boy who puts himself through this struggle comes out with a feeling of strength like that of the athlete on the team which has won the national championship. He knows he is equal to anything in that line that he may have to put through. In the worst struggles he can say with the wandering Ulysses of the Greek story: "Endure, my soul, far worse hast thou endured." This consciousness of strength brings with it an elation of spirit which is just as much greater than that of the football star as success in life is more important than success in sport.

If one has not the power to put through such a resolution then he should begin with smaller tasks that are well within his power to accomplish, with the hope that his strength will grow with exercise. For example, if one has a bad temper he can teach himself to take with calmness life's little irritations, like the knotted fishline or barking one's shins against the table in a dark room. If it is the continuous saying "No," to himself that he cannot stand, let him apply himself to his class work through a stated period with something more than the accustomed vigor. If the faithful performance of



the ordinary round of daily duties does not supply the necessary material to the purpose, and it would be well to follow James' advice, and "keep the faculty of effort alive by a little gratuitous exercise every day." When a person has gained self-confidence through small successes and has felt some of the glow that comes from the discovery of his moral muscle, he will

then be in a condition to attack the more serious tasks. Finally, if you cannot break off an indulgence or other bad habit at once, do it for some limited period of time, short enough so that you know you can "stick it out" to the end. Lengthen these periods as rapidly as possible till the time finally comes when you dare to say, Never again!  
(Copyright, Vir Publishing Company)

### My Prayer

Dear boy of nine, I may not know, today, thine every need,  
But all the fulness of God's grace and love for thee I plead;  
And yet, I do not ask that all thy skies may cloudless be,  
Or that thy ship shall sail upon a smooth and surgeless sea.  
I do not ask that summer suns shall shine on thee alway;  
I do not pray that flower-strewn paths shall lure thee day by day.  
No silvery lining could we see, if there were ne'er a cloud.  
No trusting prayer could uttered be unless the heart were bowed;  
But oh, I pray, that when the mists shut out thy light of day,  
Sweet Faith and Hope shall hover near, to guide thee on thy way;  
And when dark cloud shall hide away its lining from thy view,  
A tiny thread of silvery sheen may still be shining through.

—Mrs. Alice Morrill

### When Mother Bathes the Baby

*By James H. Moore*

We stand around and laugh and shout  
And tell each other all about  
How fat he is and limbs how stout,  
When mother bathes the baby.

Beneath the water, nice and warm,  
She puts him to his chubby arm,  
While we around the bath tub swarm  
To watch her bathe the baby.

My father says, some years ago,  
I used to laugh and kick just so  
And be the main guy in the show,  
When mother bathed the baby.

But now that I'm a lad of eight,  
The bath tub and the soap I hate;  
I know I'm soon to meet my fate,  
When mother bathes the baby.



# Dorcas

*By Ezra J. Poulson*

"They \* \* \* stood by \* \* \* weeping, and showing the coats and garments which Dorcas made, while she was with them." Acts 9:39.

It is a paradoxical truth that the village folk did not remember when Dorcas came. Not because that unheralded event was so long ago, but because it had been followed by a life of such sweet sympathy, such unceasing service, and universal esteem that it was buried under an embattlement of good works.

Dorcas was not her real name; it was her title, and everyone agreed that it fitted her perfectly, for she was skilled beyond local comparison in all the arts, graces, and accomplishments that were capable of bringing happiness to the little world about her. She could knit, crochet, weave, and spin innumerable patterns and textures into incomparable specimens of loveliness. She could cook. She could sweep. She could mind the neighborhood children. In case of sickness, she was sought after above all others.

For a quarter of a century her little house by the roadside had been a simple insignia of the unpretentious service she rendered, a Mecca to which eager-eyed children made frequent excursions to obtain molasses candy, and luscious, brown cookies. Thither also went the older young folks, and the younger old folks for various ingredients of advice, solace, and companionship. There was a rose-bordered walk, and a riotous old fashioned flower garden in front; and the low gables were tipped by ambitious vines, which tenderly embraced the window frames and cornices.

Dorcas herself was embraced by the vines, and the house, and the garden. The entire April morning embraced

her, in fact, as she sat in her quaint, old rocker on the front porch, and hummed the chorus of a popular air, while she finished the scallops on Bessie Baldwin's new dress. She was just beginning to lavish its beauty in manifold exhibitions of awaking life. A pair of adventurous robins were chattering and skipping along the lilac bushes and along the sappy branches of the poplar trees. The fall plowed flower bed was exuding vanishing vaporous clouds, and innumerable resinous buds were busting into coquettish tufts of pale preens. It was good to see Dorcas as she sat there. Even at fifty she was a harmonious part of spring; neither the strands of gray hair, nor the few moderate wrinkles that had crept into the contour of her face were dominant characteristics. Rather, one would be attracted by the serene light in her gray eyes, or the tender sympathetic fullness of her mouth.

For a desultory moment she let her hands with their work drop reflectively into her lap, while her mind wandered pleasantly down the village street. Later she closed her eyes blissfully, and increased the velocity of her rocking, as she contemplated the satisfaction Bessie would express upon receiving her new dress.

Somewhat to her surprise the front gate creaked—slyly, at first, then banged shut to the accompaniment of the rattling clang of the weight and chain. The next instant there was a shuffling of small feet on the pavement, and a childish voice piped out, "Dood mornin', Auntie Dorcas, I'm tomin' to see you. I runned away from mama."

Dorcas was hastily checked on the verge of her reverie. "Mary Alden, you little darling," she greeted joyfully, "do you really like to see me that much?"



The child dashed up to the porch and halted breathlessly, her dark eyes sparkling impishly, and her jet black hair hanging in ringlets. "Yes, Auntie Dorcas, I do," she laughed, and flung herself down on the edge of the porch, where she began to stroke the old Maltese cat that strutted through the doorway just then.

Again the sewing was resumed. "Would you like a nice, warm cookie, Mary?" Dorcas questioned hospitably. "But then I needn't ask that; run and get some out of the pan on the kitchen table."

"Uh—uh! Goodie—goodie!" Mary lost no time in taking advantage of the generous offer, and was soon back to her seat, stroking the cat and bolting the much appreciated delicacies. Meanwhile the conversation moved forward delightfully until the sound of a shrill female voice half way down the block indicated that Mary's mother had discovered her escape, and was demanding a speedy return.

"Uh, I gotta go," the little girl mumbled with her mouth full. "My mama says she don't want me to come over here, not at all, not any time."

"Oh, doesn't she?" This interrogation was made in a tone of mild surprise, "and why not, my dear?"

Mary swallowed bravely at a huge lodgment of half masticated cookie before she could answer. "Aw, 'cause she—she said she didn't want me to git any uv yer foggy ways," the child blurted out with voluble indiscretion. "But Auntie Dorcas, what is foggy ways? They ain't nothin' bad, is they?" Mary's dark eyes were distended wonderingly, and the tilt of her stubby nose suggested that she was ready to take issue with her mother is necessary. With this she started to skip along toward the gate, swinging her body and limbs in a wild rhythm of childish abandonment.

Dorcas stared at the retreating form in amazement; a dull pain lay like lead

in her breast; she wavered in the threshold of a tardy decision; then gropingly she passed over it. "Mary, oh, Mary, come back a second," she cried. Dropping her sewing she ran toward the retreating young visitor, with her face studiously cheerful, and heart beating violently. She scarcely knew what she was about to do; yet impelled by her instinctive tendency to do good, she hastened on. "Wait a minute—wait a minute." Her voice was tremulous, "I want to send your mama a bunch of pansies."

Mary waited while the flicker of a new idea leaped into her black eyes. That a bouquet of flowers would probably be valuable in appeasing her mama's possible anger was a diplomatic reflection her active brain registered on the spot. "Oh, Auntie Dorcas, you is so good," she chirped.

As Dorcas plucked carefully among the dainty spring blossoms, her hands trembled and she struggled silently to quell the pain arising from the childish report of her neighbor's slighting remark. Such a thrust had been practically unknown to her tranquil life before. Therefore, her reaction was helpless, non-resistant, and forgiving; but exceedingly distressing. "There, take them, dear, to your mother," she invited kindly, as she placed the fragrant purple offering into the outstretched hands.

"Oh thanks, thanks," the child lisped, and whisked away. "Now, mama'll be glad I come; she won't mind about your being foggy." The last words floated back in vague gurgles, as the speaker fled down the sidewalk.

Dorcas, for a moment, was motionless, then she moved like one in a dream toward the picket fence. "Why," she murmured sadly, leaning her angular figure on the gate post, "Why does Mrs. Alden think that of me? Oh, why?" Her eyes grew moist, and her lips quivered, "I—I—guess I must be failing in some way." She sighed and leaned more heavily on the fence. A



sense of strange uneasiness took possession of her.

A weaker soul would have given way to resentment or discouragement, but Dorcas did neither. She merely brushed a wisp of gray hair from her troubled brow, and went stoically back to work. Presently the pain resulting from the discovery of her reported eccentricity grew less poignant, and she concentrated upon the effort to make a perfect completion of Bessie Baldwin's new dress. She put the joy of a master into her task. It was her determination that nothing desirable should be left undone. Always she took great pride in her sewing; but Bessie was so delightfully appreciative that she was stimulated to make an extra effort.

By three o'clock in the afternoon she was at Bessie Baldwin's home with the new dress. "I hope my hurry to get it done in time for your party to-night hasn't caused me to overlook anything," she apologized, but in her heart was the satisfactory assurance that she had not made a careless stitch.

"How good of you to get it finished," greeted the young Mrs. Baldwin. "Come right in—oh, yes, that's perfect," she rejoiced, as the folds of the newspaper were unpinned.

The dressmaker sat down and pushed her shawl on to the back of her chair. "I think you'd better run in and try it on, dearie," she advised, "I'll take care of the baby. You'll look beautiful in that Canton crepe. It may be that the braid and scallops will need pressing a little more."

Bessie gladly accepted the offer and retired from the room with her newly acquired article of clothing, while Dorcas sat, happily but self-consciously waiting the result.

There was a period of silence, however, that was longer than she had anticipated, and this made Dorcas grow uneasy. "How is it," she called nervously through the door, when her

eagerness prevented her from waiting any longer.

"Oh-h—well—I—" came rumbling back from a mouth that was evidently filled with pins. "I'm just see'in'. I—I think it's grand—" The last sentence was rescued—but too late—from a tone of complete disappointment.

Dorcas could stand no more; she rushed into the room, burdened with misgivings; but on the threshold of her young friend's dressing apartment, she stopped, surprised, baffled, "Why, what's the matter?"

Pretty Mrs. Baldwin was both humiliated and annoyed. "I—well, something doesn't seem to be just right," she gasped, twisting to get a better view of herself in the mirror.

"I see what it is," cried Dorcas in a tone that was almost anguish. "I've cut the waist too long. How could I ever have been so stupid?" Instantly the triumph of her little day dream vanished and she began making feverish efforts to analyze the defect. The results of her observations were rapidly recorded by the insertion of a row of pins. "Now take it off, my dear," she commanded sweetly, "and I'll run home with it. I'll have it fixed in time for the party."

Bessie Baldwin was keenly regretful. "But that's too much work for you," she objected almost tearfully.

"Not at all." Dorcas was scrupulously reassuring. "I can run back and fix that up in a little while."

Not many minutes later she was hurrying homeward with the unsatisfactory dress. It seemed that her very enthusiasm was being thrust back as gall into her throat, and that the supreme pleasure of her expected triumph was changed to grief by some arch stroke of treacherous fate. She censured herself with all the fine indignity of her sensitive nature for permitting such a blunder. She humbly thought of a thousand penances that she would impose upon herself but instead of relief, her anguish was increased by the memory of the innocent



thrust she had received from little Mary Alden.

Back in the plain little living room, she spent more hours of toil—she had not thought of it as toil before—making the necessary alterations. Tired fingers and a severe headache constituted the penalty she paid, though she refused to recognize these danger signals until she made the second trip to Bessie Baldwin's—this time successfully disposing of the dress. But when she returned again she felt weary to exhaustion, and the pain in her head became violent. It had seemed that Bessie was not so cordial the second time, yet she had accepted the dress and paid for it.

The necessity for rest was now so compelling that Dorcas yielded to the impulse to lie down on the small brown sofa. The thin cushion seemed immensely restful, and she closed her eyes in weary abandonment, forgetful of the swift shadows of the spring twilight that were closing about her. Gradually the house grew dark and cold; the small nickle clock in the kitchen ticked monotonously; and the cat mewed plaintively at the back door. She never moved, however, save in the regular rythm of her breathing, which told plainly enough that she had fallen asleep. Later she awoke with a start, and turned on the light, after which she made a fire and hurried about getting supper. "Gracious," she sighed, after becoming thoroughly active. "What a horrid dream. I thought I was old, and helpless, and friendless. Ugh!"

By a great effort, Dorcas flung the evil suggestion away as something poisonous, and sat down to the simple meal. She experienced a feeling of intense thanksgiving for the day's blessings, and the little worries of the day were set aside. Suddenly a feverish knock sounded at the door.

"Come," she invited timidly.

The door fell open, and Bessie Baldwin rushed panting across the thresh-

hold. The young woman wore the new party dress but her countenance at once revealed a state of great anxiety and excitement.

"M—Mother's ill—dreadfully ill," she cried. "Will you come over, will you—."

Whatever of mental and emotional lethargy Dorcas had allowed herself to suffer was instantly banished; and without even pretending to finish supper, she hustled into her coat and hat, uttering simple words of encouragement as she did so.

It was but a matter of minutes before they were in the sick room, where Dorcas, the wisest and calmest spirit among the group of relatives and friends gathered there, immediately took charge. The doctor had been sent for, but he was already out on an important case, and would not be back for several hours, so she proceeded to select and apply remedies from her supply of practical lore. However, it soon became evident that the sufferer was not to be easily relieved.

The night hours dragged slowly away, and there was little change in the patient, though Dorcas, with the serene patience of an angel, continued to direct the efforts that were for relief. Bessie sat by the bedside and looked on with imploring eyes. Mrs. Alden came and insisted on staying; and though not extremely useful, applied herself to good purpose, in spite of a professed lack of skill.

It was four o'clock when the doctor came, and he was greeted by the tired women, as one belonging to a superior order of intelligence. "What's ya been doin' for her," he inquired wearily, as he held the struggling pulse.

Dorcas explained quietly but hurriedly. "I hope it's allright," she faltered with a sensitive smile.

The doctor was slow to answer. He frowned slightly, and looked grave, then bent his heavy form over the patient. "Been using the wrong kind of medicine," he said bluntly, where-



upon all eyes focused on Dorcas. "These mustard plasters have value, but they're no good for a case like this. That's the trouble with these old fashioned remedies; folks just won't recognize their limitations, and the possibility that even harm may result."

An uncomfortable silence followed, which was only broken when the doctor began to issue crisp orders. It was not long before he had the patient cared for in the manner that he desired. Then he left, after giving instructions, and promising to call later in the morning.

The rest of the vigil soon passed, and Dorcas continued to take charge of the sick woman. Her gentle dignity was undisturbed and she moved and spoke with composure, though she was deeply hurt by the doctor's gruff, half jovial reprimand.

Her buoyant nature had not completely surmounted the day's trying difficulties, before she was again struck by cruel circumstance. She was in the pantry preparing some buttered toast when she overheard Mrs. Alden in the next room speak to Bessie in a smothered snicker. "Some calling down our self-appointed nurse got, wusn't it?"

The younger woman mumbled a reticent accent. "I don't know what's the matter with her," she murmured. "She fails in everything lately. She just ruined my last dress. But oh, she's been so good in the past."

"She's been useful," rememorized the mother of the unusual Mary; "But I don't think she knows much. We're getting new ideas now-a-days. She'll have to quit nursin' and sewin' and such things."

These merciless remarks burned themselves like unseen fire into Dorcas' brain. She hesitated at her task, reeling as from a blow, and the last flicker of hope departed from her. Even a vagrant streak of dawn beckoning at the window, was turned away unheeded. The great verities of life at

that instant were, a child's guileless truth telling, a dress that failed to fit, a patient treated in the wrong way, the sting of a gossiping tongue, and last, the conviction that she was no longer useful.

When morning beamed cheerfully across the Eastern horizon, Dorcas went home. Her step was slow, and her tired face bore the marks of unconcealed anguish. She was crushed,—crushed and beaten; and for the first time in her busy life, she bore the unmistakable signs of age.

For many days she strove to regain her vigorous interest in life, but to no avail. She grew weak, and finally ill, then went to bed. The village folks, aroused to a tardy realization of her condition, came and administered to her wants. They took turns in caring for her, and vied with each other in inventing dainties that might coax back her vanishing appetite, but she continued to sink quietly and certainly into the shadows, and they saw with uncomprehending sorrow that their efforts were futile.

At length the crisis came. Hope was abandoned, and the people spoke in whispered accents of her many good works, and displayed many cherished bits of handiwork that bore mute evidence of her skill and industry. The little house by the side of the road became the chief interest of the village, and folks watched and prayed that its light should not go out.

No one was more grieved than little Mary Alden. For a long time her mother kept her away, explaining that Dorcas could not stand the noise, but at last the wilful little girl revolted, and dashed away to the home of her friend. In her haste she banged the gate, stamped impatiently on the porch, allowed the screen door to shut violently, and then, to the amazement of the attendants, she flung herself sobbing across the sick woman's bed. "Oh, Auntie Dorcas," she cried, "Don't go



away; don't—don't. I need you. Ma says we all need you. Don't, don't Dont—" Her childish voice sank into a wail, and died in a great sob.

Then a wonderful thing happened. The sufferer raised a weak arm and drew it over the little girl's black tresses, and a far away glimmer of joy stole

into her eyes. She spoke feebly. "What, me wanted—me needed?" She smiled faintly, and her arm tightened over the heaving shoulders of the child, then she slowly relapsed into a peaceful sleep. Dorcas was coming back out of the shadows.

### The Higher Call

(To W. S. Y., the boy who remained at home)

Three brothers there were in a snug home nest,  
Whose father had gone before;  
Talented all, and with eager zest,  
Ambition rapped on their door.

The brothers twain left the old home nest  
To carve for themselves a name  
From the talents that each of them thought best.  
Within the halls of fame.

When plaudits for each one loudly rang.  
Out in the world of men,  
A heart with the mother's proudly sang  
With joy for success of them.

At home, the third boy plied his art  
In a quiet, modest way,  
Thinking his own but a meagre part  
Assigned unto him to play.

But he who stayed in the old home nest,  
Doing his work so well,  
Who shall say but his part was best  
And greatest? Who can tell?

Within the citadel of his soul  
He builded well and strong;  
No bauble prize, but a perfect whole  
Is his for the ages long.

So, here's to the boy who remained at home,  
And sacrificed his all,  
That his mother might not be left alone—  
He answered the higher call.

—Grace Ingles Frost.





## JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ of the Deseret Sunday School Union

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SALT LAKE CITY

JULY, 1923

## Prohibition

Under the title "New York's Great White Way is Drying Up," "The World's Work" has the following to say:

The belief is wide-spread that the prohibition amendment is nowhere more blatantly violated than in the cabaret district of New York City. Normally this is perhaps the wettest single area in the United States. Here are placed the flashy restaurants, the cabarets and dance halls, the theatres and vaudeville emporiums which the entertainment merchants of New York maintain largely for the delectation of visitors. That the Volstead Act is constantly violated in this section is a matter of common observation. The average New Yorker would probably say

that more alcohol is consumed there than in anti-prohibition days.

Yet there are several signs that point in a contrary direction. The most illuminating are the disasters that are befalling the restaurant business. In the last year four of the greatest Broadway eating places—places whose names were "household words" from the Atlantic to the Pacific, places that for nearly a generation had reaped huge profits from the well financed pilgrims to New York's gay life—have closed their doors. All four have given the same reasons for their failure—the one word "prohibition." They could not profitably operate without a generously patronized wine list. Their guests primarily came for drink and only secondarily for food, and the fact that the hosts of Broadway could not supply this indispensable, automatically forced them to retire from business.

The important thing is that this explanation—and that it is the true one is apparent—lies in the face of the commonly accepted myth regarding prohibition. This is that prohibition does not prohibit; that more alcohol is consumed now than ever before. Obviously prohibition does prohibit in these erstwhile great temples of Bacchus. It prohibits so effectively that the Bonifaces of the Great White Way find their occupation gone.

There can be no denying the truth of the conclusion arrived at by "The World's Work" that prohibition has to a great extent prohibited. Saloons have gone out of business and cabarets have ceased to publicly, at least, sell liquors. The avenues for the sale of the stuff have been narrowed down to "underground" ones. But the observations of the writer, who recently visited some cities of the East, lead to the inevitable conclusion that prohibition, if it is not actually to be an issue in the coming political struggle, will at least be a burning question for a long time to come. Those who believe that when the amendment to the constitution was ratified by the states the question was practically settled forever, have another guess coming. The action of the Governor and Legislature of the State



of New York is but a reflection of the temper of many people in other states. In the big mining and manufacturing centers the men want their drink. The large foreign element in the East thinks it has been deprived of one of the joys of living. The sporting groups resist the law and use every argument and device to put public sentiment in a channel of resistance. Since Governor Smith's action in New York, the breaking of the law there is more pronounced. In conventions and banquets no effort is made to stop the use of liquors. Theatres everywhere by satire and song hold the constitutional amendment up to ridicule and invariably the audiences applaud to the echo. One extravagant and gorgeous revue on Broadway dramatizes the prohibition question in three scenes. The first shows Peter Stuyvesant buying the Island of New York from the Indians for a bottle of wine. The Indians drink the compensation for the Island and go on a glorious spree. The next scene shows a group of thirsty lawbreakers talking to the statue of Peter Stuyvesant and asking him why he left the city so dry. He is invited to attend a debate which is to take place between the "wets" and the "drys," and is asked to act as chairman of the meeting. Peter suddenly comes to life denounces the law makers for spoiling the city and steps off his pedestal, agreeing to attend the meeting. The third scene is a gorgeous one. On one side of the stage in rising tiers are the "wets"—a group of scantily dressed women, such clothes as they have on being in red, and on the other side the "drys" dressed scantily, also, in blue. Stuyvesant takes the chair and one of the "wets" makes a wild appeal for the return of wine and beer. Then four men in minister's garb come in and talk for the "drys." Their appeal is purposely silly and illogical and at the climax one minister strikes his chest and accidentally breaks a bottle of brandy concealed in his coat

pocket. Jeers follow. The ministers then plead guilty to being hypocrites, join the "wets," and if the stage revel which follows is a good example of what the country would do if the Volsted Act should be repealed, surely it would be a good time for the devil to sit back and laugh.

Of course, even in New York, there are law abiding people who stand for the enforcement of the prohibition laws. The trouble is that the larger percentage of men who write for the newspapers and men who direct and control the stage—two of the powerful forces shaping public sentiment—are against the prohibition laws. What is going to be the outcome? Either constitutional law in the United States is going to be upheld or the whole fabric of the government must crumble. A nation of law-breakers cannot long survive.

The majority of the Latter-day Saints are believers in the righteousness and morality of the prohibition amendment and here in these mountains will be found its staunchest supporters. But even here some dangers are apparent. To the man or woman with an ear to the ground echoes of the disrespect for this law is found. It is common scandal that it is not difficult to secure liquor; that many prominent people serve it; that much home-brew is made and that among certain social groups the evil is growing. There should be a solemn warning sounded to these people. They are sowing the wind and will reap the whirlwind. They are taking the road that leads to disaster and encouraging the people to resist their own constitutional law.

We hope these evils do not exist among the youth of Zion, but, at any rate, it is the duty of all Sunday School officers and teachers to be on the alert and throw the whole weight of their influence on the side of the law and its enforcement.

Stand up for the Constitution.





# SIGNS *of the* TIMES



*By J.M. Sjodahl*

## FACTS AND FANCIES

During the latter part of May the Presbyterians of the United States, in their general assembly at Indianapolis, had a somewhat lively discussion on the question of evolution. Mr. William Jennings Bryan, who was one of the delegates, offered a resolution against giving financial support to church schools in which the evolutionary hypothesis is taught. That resolution was defeated and another was agreed on instead, withdrawing "official approval" from institutions teaching a "materialistic evolutionary philosophy of life." The distinction was drawn between financial aid and official approval.

On May 28, forty more or less prominent Americans, including Secretaries Hoover and Davis, some bishops and many professors, issued a manifesto, possibly in order to show their approval of the stand taken by the Presbyterians. They declared that there is no conflict between religion and science, for the simple reason that each occupies a sphere of its own. The purpose of the sciences, they said, is to develop knowledge of the facts, the laws and the processes of nature, while the task of religion is to develop consciences, ideals, and aspirations.

I have no controversy with the Presbyterians or with the eminent apologists who signed the manifesto, but I may be permitted to say that, in my judgment, they accord to the sciences a higher place than belongs to them, if they are made the sole authority on facts, to the exclusion of religion. We all know that on every side we are met by questions to which no answer is found. What does this mean? It means that many existing facts are beyond our reach in our present, imper-

fect state of knowledge and understanding. It means that what we call sciences are, at best, very limited in their field of observations. And who knows but that the fact about which even the sciences can furnish no knowledge are the most real, the most essential, holding the keys to the riddle of the universe?

If we expect to obtain any knowledge of those facts, we must receive them by divine revelation and accept them in faith, on the testimony of the Holy Spirit of the Lord. Paul must have had some such thought in mind when he asked, "Hath not God made foolish the wisdom of this world?" (I Cor. 1:20.) And again, when he said: "Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit." (I Cor. 9:10.)

If we reject this source of information—revelation—we will remain in ignorance concerning the most important facts relating to our life here and hereafter—notwithstanding all the information science can give us. It is perfectly true that there is no conflict between science and true religion. Truth is truth, and one truth cannot conflict with another. But scientists do not always confine themselves to stating facts. They sometimes offer their own deductions from those facts as infallible truth. The conflict arises when illogical deductions are given out as standards to follow, although the word of the Lord points some other way.

## INDIANS "WHITE AND DELIGHTSOME"

In several places in the Book of Mormon we read of promises to the Lamanites that they were to become of "white and delightsome," or a "civil



and delightful" people. (Words of Mor. 8:2; Nephi 30:6; Moroni 9:12.)

I was reminded of these remarkable prophetic utterances when reading, the other day, a call sent to the Indians of the Six Nations to send delegates to a conference at the Onandoga reservation, N. Y., to consider measures to be taken for the defense of "the unalienable right of the Indians to attend to their own affairs without outside interference."

"This," the call said, "is our country."

This is a sign of a wonderful awakening among our Lamanite brethren.

According to Indian statistics, published recently, there are now in the United States 240,917 Indians, associated in 193 tribes, speaking 58 different languages. There are, I believe, two gentlemen of Indian descent in the U. S. Senate. Two-thirds of the Indians are American citizens. A total of 38,000,000 acres of land has been allotted to the Indians, and there are 35,000,000 acres more to be distributed to them. The value of all Indian property is estimated at \$1,000,000,000. Twelve thousand Indians served in the late war, and the investment, by Indians, in Liberty bonds amounted to \$25,000,000. These are a few of the indications that point to a time when the Indians will be classed among the "white and delightful people" of the earth.

#### MISCELLANEA

From Riga comes a report that the Russian so-called "red army" is being transformed into an international fighting machine, to be ready for service in the interest of any revolutionary movement in any country. There are a million of these "red" soldiers, well equipped and trained, ready to obey the orders of the leaders of international communism. Russia may not, as yet, be able to make war upon a first class power, but it is asserted that her communist army will enter Ger-

many whenever the time is ripe for the overthrow of the present government and the establishment of a communistic dictatorship.

\* \* \*

Senator Reed Smoot, on June 1, in an address at Los Angeles, told his audience that "never again will the federal taxes be less than three billion dollars" annually. Senator William H. King tells me he regards this as a moderate estimate. That means, practically \$30 a year for every man, woman and child in the country. That is the legacy left us by the war.

\* \* \*

On Memorial day, eloquent appeals for world peace were made throughout the country in appropriate places. President Harding, at Arlington, facing the slopes where thousands of the victims of war rest, expressed the hope that the United States would "do its full part toward making war unlikely, if not impossible." Former justice of the U. S. supreme court, John H. Clark, in a memorial address at Youngstown, Ohio, asked that the world be organized for peace. Since then Secretary Hughes has expressed the conviction that the tranquility of the world depends upon the existence of a permanent world court. On May 31 an appeal was sent out from Washington by the Federated Council of Churches of Christ in America to church members in this country to support the world court, and some time previously, a congress of women was held in Washington for the purpose of discussing ways and means to promote world peace. There are now in this country, I understand, no less than seventy six women's organizations, representing perhaps forty million women, who have declared against war and in favor of a world court. And, finally, Mr. Elihu Root, one of the oldest statesmen of our day, has come out with the self-evident declaration that it is our duty to join the world-



court, for the simple reason that such a court is, essentially, an American idea. Both self-respect and self-interest, he said, require that the United States should stand by its own policy. We cannot consistently urge the creation of a world-court upon the rest of the world and then repudiate it when they

consent to it, unless we offer some adequate reason.

The Latter-day Saints, I feel sure, are heartily in favor of any practical plan that has the establishment of peace in view; for we believe that this earth belongs to the Prince of Peace and that He will, ultimately, be its King and Ruler.

### If I Were Rich

I've often wondered what I'd do  
If some rich uncle would come through  
And leave a million bucks or more  
And end this always being poor.  
I've thought of others I might aid,  
And yet, I'm more than half afraid,  
Before I'd hardly well begun  
I'd look well out for number one.

I'd like just one-half million cool  
To found an orphans' home and school,  
Where these poor, lonely kids could go  
And live and learn and play and grow;  
And build up body, soul and brain.  
But when I stop and think again,  
Before I'd hand out that much dust,  
'Twould only be both right and just  
To buy a mansion of the best  
Wherein myself could roost and rest.

And, furthermore, at Christmastide,  
Ten thousand turkeys I'd provide  
For folks who are too poor to buy,  
And laugh to see those dollars fly!  
It might be wiser though, by far,  
To buy myself a handsome car.  
On second thought a man like me  
Should have at least some two or three.

I've thought this matter through and through,  
Yet hardly know just what to do.  
But I suppose if I should gain  
By gift or earn, by brawn or brain,  
A million more or less of kale,  
It might be I'd completely fail  
To help the needy and the poor,  
And try to grab a million more.

—Tom Wylie in *Seattle Post-Intelligencer*.



# SUNDAY SCHOOL WORK

## Superintendents' Department

General Superintendency, David O. McKay, Stephen L. Richards and Geo. D. Pyper

### Prelude

*Lento e patetico.*

Arr. after M. CLEMENTI  
By EDW. P. KIMBALL.



### SACRAMENT GEM FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923

In memory of the broken flesh  
We eat the broken bread;  
And witness with the cup, afresh,  
Our faith in Christ, our Head.

### Postlude



Note.—Instructions on playing this music will be found in Choristers and Organists' Department.

### CONCERT RECITATION FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923

#### Doctrine and Covenants, Section 29, Verse 8

Wherefore, the decree hath gone forth from the Father, that they [the elect] shall be gathered in unto one place upon the face of this land.



### Uniform Fast Day Lesson September, 1923

Text: Why do I believe that the Lord has a purpose in gathering His people together?

Suggestions to Teachers:

On the Sabbath Day, preceding Fast Sunday, ask members of the class to come prepared on Fast Day with quotations from any sacred writings to show that the Lord planned to bring His people together in the last days.

As these quotations are given in the class invite an analysis of these sayings. See what the class understands by them. If the Lord has a purpose, what is it? Let the class members give their views. Dur-

ing the class period, the discussions should bring out the advantages, socially, economically, physically, educationally, morally, spiritually that come to the people when they are together, rather than in a scattered condition among the nations of the earth. Consider, as a conclusion, the coming of the Savior to His people who are to be protected at a time when visitations come upon the earth.

You may even point out the fact that even today the place where the Saints reside in the tops of the mountains is proving to be a refuge. Let some missionary relate his experiences in the field, how the spirit of gathering overtakes those who accept the Gospel, an evidence of its being a divine decree.

### The Clear Vision

I did but dream. I never knew  
What charms our sternest season wore.  
Was never yet the sky so blue,  
Was never earth so white before.  
Till now I never saw the glow  
Of sunset on yon hills of snow,  
And never learned the bough's designs  
Of beauty in its leafless lines.

Break forth, my lips, in praise, and own  
The wiser love severely kind;  
Since richer for its chastening gown,  
I see, whereas I once was blind.  
The world, O Father! hath not wronged  
With loss the life of Thee prolonged;  
But still, with every added year,  
More beautiful Thy works appear!

As Thou hast made Thy world without,  
Make Thou more fair my world within;  
Shine through its lingering clouds of doubt,  
Rebuke its haunting shapes of sins;  
Fill, brief or long, my granted span  
Of life with love to Thee and man;  
Strike when Thou wilt the hour of rest,  
But let my last days be my best!

—Whittier.



# SECRETARIES' DEPARTMENT

*Albert Hamer Reiser, General Secretary*

## ON THE FIRING LINE

The Sunday School work of great importance is done on the firing line—in the ward Sunday Schools. There Gospel truths, after being given long and prayerful study by General and Stake Board workers, as well as by Ward Sunday School teachers, are unfolded to boys and girls. All the problems and plans of general, stake and local workers are considered and worked over with the ward Sunday School ever prominently in mind. In the Ward Sunday School the most precious of all Sunday School opportunities is to be found—the one opportunity for which great masses of devoted Sunday School workers prepare. It is the opportunity to contribute to the growth and enrichment of the souls of the boys and girls. The far-reaching importance and the great value of this precious opportunity accounts for the deep interest all Sunday School workers have in the Ward Sunday Schools.

Reports showing excellent records of attendance and the studied and effectual application of good methods are always gladly received, for the wholesome, encouraging effect they have. They are evidences of the fact that the Sunday School workers concerned appreciate the value of the Sunday School and love it so much that they are willing to devote themselves unselfishly to its welfare and advancement.

This spirit of devotion was breathed by two reports recently received at our offices. One was a comparative report for the month of May of the Thirtieth Ward Sunday School of Pioneer Stake, prepared by Secretary Douglas Halverson. The average enrollment, percent of attendance of the previous month for each of the departments of the Sunday School appears on the report together with statistics relating to other features of Sunday School work. Healthy increases were noted for each department. This report is carefully studied by the officers and teachers of the school at the monthly report and business meeting. Such reports are prepared each month and likewise studied. This accounts in some degree for the quality and efficiency of the Thirtieth Ward Sunday School, no doubt.

During the months past, a number of

very remarkable records of attendance of Sunday School workers have been published in this department. Remembering what Elder Melvin J. Ballard at a recent Sunday School convention in substance said, that we should be satisfied with nothing less than the best record we can imagine, these records may be regarded as setting a standard which every Sunday School may be expected to strive to attain. Superintendent Wm. J. Rackham, of Weber Stake Sunday Schools, in a letter (the substance of which appears below) submits the May records of two schools of that stake to be measured against the standard:

"We have noted with considerable interest the records being published in the Juvenile Instructor.

We submit herewith the May, 1923, record of the officers and teachers of two schools in Weber Stake:

### First Ward

Officers and teachers enrolled.....	21
Prayer Meeting .....	98%
Sunday School .....	99%
Local Board Meeting .....	96%
Union Meeting .....	100%
All Absentees excused for good reasons.	
Preparation—Sunday School .....	100%
Preparation—Local Board .....	100%

### Second Ward

Officers and teachers enrolled .....	23
Prayer Meeting .....	100%
Sunday School .....	100%
Local Board Meeting .....	100%
Union Meeting .....	100%
Preparation—Sunday School .....	100%
Preparation—Local Board .....	100%

We do not believe that any two schools in any one Stake can surpass the record made by these two schools.

It was no case of luck that these schools made the above records. The officers and teachers of these schools are workers and their average records, the year round, will be found to be extra good."

To all these Sunday School workers with splendid records it may be well to say "Keep it up, and remember 'Eternal vigilance is the price of safety,' and 'keeping everlastingly at it brings success.'"





# MISSIONARY SUNDAY SCHOOLS



*Committee: Charles B. Felt, Chairman; Harold G. Reynolds, Henry H. Rolapp and Robert L. Judd*

**Work for September, 1923**

## **Theological Department**

Text: "The Apostles of Jesus Christ," by Edward H. Anderson.

See Theological Department this issue for lesson outlines.

## **Intermediate Department**

Text: "A Young Folks' History of

the Church," by Nephi Anderson.

See Second Intermediate Department, First Year, this issue, for outline.

## **Primary Department**

Text: "Bible and Church History Stories."

See Primary Department, this issue, for lessons and outlines.

## **Character and the Sunday School**

A remarkable illustration of the value of the work of the Sunday School is found in the recent experience of a home mission worker. On Sunday he had spoken in a rural church which had a small Sunday School that had been in operation more than half a century. Of the many who had attended during their childhood and then moved away to other parts of the world, one thousand had been traced in one way or another. Of the entire thousand not one had ever been arrested for crime, and many of them were occupying high places in religious, educational, and political life.

The following Tuesday the same worker spoke to the men in a great state reformatory. By an unusual coincidence, one thousand young men—there were no old men in the institution, they being cared for elsewhere—faced him as he spoke. After the service he was invited to look over the chaplain's record. This record showed that of the thousand men who had heard the speaker that day in the great penal institution, only three had ever been regular at-

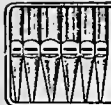
tendants at Sunday School, and they for only a short time.

Workers in weak Sunday Schools are frequently discouraged over small attendance, apparent lack of interest, and the apparently meager results that are attained. Such workers should clip this record and keep it for ready reference. When we work with God we build better than we know. Paul and Apollos may sow and never see the increase, but God gives it, nevertheless.

Roger W. Babson, the famous statistician, has said: "The religion that we talk about for an hour a week on Sunday is not only the vital force that protects our community, but it is the vital force that makes our communities." This, he adds, is proved by statistics.

The more Sunday Schools \* \* \* we have, the less will we need reformatories and penitentiaries. As one has well put it, "It is better to have a railing around the edge of the cliff than to have an ambulance line in the valley."—The Rev. William T. McElroy Louisville, Ky.





# CHORISTERS' and ORGANISTS' DEPARTMENT



*Edward P. Kimball, Chairman; Tracy Y. Cannon, and P. Melvin Petersen*

## SONG FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923

"For the Strength of the Hills" breathes the spirit of security which the Saints feel in this strong retreat. Announce this as the opening song, and explain the text so that the school may understand the connection between this part of the service and the class recitation dealing with the Fast Day topic.


## SUGGESTIONS ON SACRAMENT GEM MUSIC

By Edward P. Kimball

This simple little prelude and postlude has real beauty in it. There is a note of plaintive pathos which is quite touching. Only 8 ft. stops should be used, preferably of flute quality. The melody in the right hand should be very smoothly and distinctly played, special attention being given to the sixteenth notes at the beginning of the second and fourth measures in both prelude and postlude. The chords in the left hand in eighth notes should be played detached, but the second chord in each measure, in quarter notes, must be held its full value, but no longer. The organist is warned to read carefully all notes with great care in the third measure of the prelude, the dissonance being the beautiful thing here. Also the C sharp in the bass in the second measure of the postlude is most important in the modulation and should not be overlooked. The postlude is a natural answer to the prelude and should be played as such.

## SONG ANALYSIS

"Catch the Sunshine," D. S. S. U. Song Book, No. 14

Tempo —104.

By P. Melvin Peterson

This song is written in three quarter measure, and starts with the third count of the measure, the chorister starting with the up beat.

Allegretto, a moderately quick tempo is suggested by the composer. To be more specific we should sing 104 quarter notes per minute.

Particular attention should be directed to the phrasing of the first line in all three verses. Thus: "Catch the sunshine! (Breath) though it flickers through a dark and dismal cloud." (Breath.) All three

verses are phrased in the same manner at this particular point. It is advisable to practice these two phrases before attempting other parts of the song for the reason that one phrase is short and the other is rather long by comparison. I emphasize again the necessity of phrasing songs according to the word content. Many people phrase this song in this manner: "Catch the sunshine! though it flickers, (Breath) through a dark and dismal cloud" (Breath). This is bad phrasing and naturally leads to bad breathing.

This song is particularly adaptable to part singing even in the smallest schools and in schools where part singing is just getting started. By observation one will find that over half of the chords of the song are built upon the tonic or Do Mi Sol Do. As an example of the simplicity, we will find the first ten chords built upon Do Mi Sol Do, the next four chords are Fa La Do, followed by Do Mi Sol Do. This is a very simple combination with each part easy to sing.

This joyful, bright song will help us to look for the good and see the bright side of life! It breathes hopefulness throughout. All voices should sing with a light quality of tone, this producing a bright, cheerful effect.

All words must be sung very clearly. This can be accomplished by singing pure vowels and by stressing final and initial consonants.

## ANALYSIS OF ORGAN MUSIC

By Tracy Y. Cannon

"Offertoire," by F. Scotson Clark, page 64 in "Reed Organ Album," by Archer; see "Analysis of Organ Music," in February Juvenile Instructor for method of practice.

The name "Offertoire" is applied to music that is played in Catholic and other Christian churches during the time the collection of money is being taken. It is rather unusual to find it in march time. It is more often of a devotional character. It is suggested that this "Offertoire" be used as a march.

This piece is quite difficult to play and will, therefore, require considerable study and practice. It offers certain technical problems peculiar to the organ, that are worthy of consideration. In the first line and at various places throughout the piece the melody notes in the right hand



part are of greater value than the accompaniment notes. In other words, the melody is played perfectly legato, while the accompaniment consists of eighth notes separated from each other by eighth rests. This style of uniting is a useful device in organ music to make the melody stand out prominently. Practice the right hand alone connecting well the melody notes while, at the same time, giving the eighth notes and rests their exact value. Add the left hand part only when the right hand part is fully mastered. That the eighth notes and rests may receive their exact value count "one and, two and," etc. Most careful attention must be given to note values and tied notes throughout the piece; for instance, in the second measure, fourth line on page 64, the C in right hand and the A in left hand are sustained a half measure.

In the same measure notice the quarter notes on the last two beats. The last two lines on page 65 require special study. The right hand part must have the effect of being strongly accented, while in the

left hand there are sustained notes against a staccato bass. Get the correct rhythm in the right hand part of the last measure of the fourth line on page 65.

Careful attention must be given to the fingering in order to obtain a smooth performance. By taking advantage of the rests and phrasing the fingering may be simplified. If occasionally the melody cannot be fingered without breaking its smoothness a little, be as careful as possible not to make the music jerky. On the other hand, there must be good rhythm. This can be obtained by carefully observing the phrasing and strongly marking the accompaniment.

The registration should be bright. The registration given will be a guide even though it is not exactly followed. For full organ firmly press the left knee swell. Pump evenly and firmly, alternately pushing down as far as possible and raising to the top the bellows pumps. Do not be discouraged if it takes a long time to learn this piece.

## Why Christian Education?

(From Christian Education)

Gooding College, Idaho, has rendered a good service by bringing together in one leaflet the answers of various types of prominent men to the question, "Why the Christian College?" Among the answers listed by Gooding are:

Answer of the capitalist—"The small Christian College is the hope of America."—James J. Hill.

A statistician—"The safety of our nation depends on Christian education."—Babson.

A Yale leader—"To produce character, education must call to her assistance religion."—Hadley.

A true American—"To educate a man in mind and not in morals is to educate a menace to society."—Roosevelt.

A nobleman—"Secular education is only half an education with the most important half left out."—Pell.

A Harvard Man—"Exclude religion from education and you have no foundation upon which to build moral character."—Eliot.

A man of vision—"Scholarship has usually been more fruitful when associated with religion, and scholarship has never, so far as I can recall been associated with any religion except the religion of Jesus Christ."—Woodrow Wilson.





# PARENTS' DEPARTMENT



*Henry H. Rolapp, Chairman; Howard R. Driggs, E. G. Gowan, Seymour B. Young,  
Charles H. Hart, George N. Child, and Milton Bennion*

## LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923

First Sunday, September 2, 1923

### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the Lord has a purpose in gathering His people together? (See Superintendents' Department for suggestions.)

### MARRIAGE (Continued)

(To be used during such Sundays in September as the teacher may decide.)

References: "Gospel Doctrine," by Joseph F. Smith, Chapter 16; Standard Church Works.

### Relation of Husband and Wife in the Home

"Parents \* \* \* should love and respect each other, and treat each other with respectful decorum and kindly regard all the time. The husband should treat his wife with the utmost courtesy and respect. \* \* \* He should never speak slightly of her, but should always hold her in the highest esteem in the home. \* \* \* The wife, also, should treat her husband with the greatest respect and courtesy. \* \* \* The wife should be a joy to her husband, and she should live and conduct herself at home so the home will be the most joyous, the most blessed place on earth to her husband. This should be the condition of the husband, wife, the father and the mother, within the sacred precincts of that holy place, the home."—Joseph F. Smith.

"To be a successful father or a successful mother is greater than to be a successful general or a successful statesman."—Joseph F. Smith.

"Brethren, there is too little religious devotion, love and fear of God, in the home; too much worldliness, selfishness, indifference and lack of reverence in the family, or these would never exist so abundantly on the outside. Then, the home is what needs reforming \* \* \* Let love, and peace, and the Spirit of the Lord, kindness, charity, sacrifice for others, abound in your families."—Joseph F. Smith.

"A home is not a home in the eye of the Gospel, unless there dwell perfect confidence and love between the husband and the wife. Home is a place of order,

love, union, rest, confidence, and absolute trust; where the breath of suspicion of infidelity can not enter; where the woman and the man each have implicit confidence in each other's honor and virtue."—Joseph F. Smith

### Divorce

In an ideal state of society there would be no such thing as divorce; certainly not under the conditions of family life described in the first and last citations above from President Joseph F. Smith. As love is the bond that holds the family together in peace and harmony, so is selfishness the wedge that splits the family asunder in discord and disunion. Selfishness, ignorance, and thoughtlessness, these three, but the worst of these is selfishness. It lies at the bottom of race-suicide, infidelity, desertion and all the finest ideals of home and family.

Where marriage is a real sacrament and the social purpose of the family—the perpetuation of the race—is faithfully carried out, parents become largely forgetful of self in giving themselves freely for the good of all. "Each to serve in proportion to his ability and each to receive in proportion to his need," is the ideal. Where these conditions prevail there can be no thought of divorce. But where selfishness rules in their stead, divorce may be the only road out of a potential hell. This road does not, however, lead in the direction of heaven. It is one most commonly followed by people who have little faith in either; by people who regard marriage as a civil contract only, entered into for the mutual pleasure and convenience of the contracting parties, but to be dissolved whenever pleasure and convenience cease to be mutual.

### Questions and Exercises

1. What are the chief conditions of successful family life?

2. Under normal conditions, how is permanence in the family relation fostered by the presence of children in the home?

3. (a) What are the chief causes of divorce? (b) What traits of character lie behind these causes?

4. What are some of the evil consequences to society of the prevalence of divorce?



*Robert L. Judd, Chairman; Albert E. Bowen*

## First Year—The Apostles of Jesus Christ

First Sunday, September 2, 1923

### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the Lord has a purpose in gathering His people together? (See Superintendents' Department for outline.)

Second Sunday, September 9, 1923

### Paul's First Missionary Journey

Text: Chapter 25.

Aim: Service to others brings happiness.

- I. His Call.
  1. Place.
  2. Nature and instructions.
  3. His feelings.
- II. Departure.
  1. Nature of preparations.
  2. Date of leaving.
  3. Route taken.
- III. Incidents.
  1. Attitude of Jews.
  2. Reception by Gentiles.
  3. Paul's first sermon.

#### Questions:

1. What is service?
2. Who furnishes the greatest example of service? Illustrate.
3. Repeat "Abou Ben Adhem."

Third Sunday, September 16, 1923

### Persecution on Paul's First Mission

Text: Chapter 26.

Aim: Salvation is for all mankind.

- I. The work in Iconium.
  1. Some rallied to the call of Paul and Barnabas.
  2. Some oppose and plan violence.
  3. Forced to flee.
  4. Work in Lystra and Derbe.
- II. Healing of Impotent man at Lystra.
  1. Work among heathen.
  2. People crude and uneducated.
  3. Cripple hears Paul.
  4. Has faith and is healed.
  5. Paul declares the living God.
  6. Calling of Timothy.

#### III. Timothy chosen.

1. Priests of Jupiter to offer sacrifice.
2. Missionaries protest.
3. Paul stoned and left for dead.
4. Is rescued by Saints.

#### IV. At Derbe.

1. Gaius.
2. Organized branch.
3. Return home.

**Note:** The Jews conceived the idea that Jehovah was their God and His work was for them alone. There were notable exceptions to this narrow view.

#### Questions:

1. For whom is the Gospel?
2. What was Paul's view and how was it received?
3. What do you think about it?
4. What did Christ say about it?
5. To whom is the Church to carry the Gospel?

Fourth Sunday, September 23, 1923

### The Apostolic Council in Jerusalem

Text: Chapter 27.

Aim: The Gospel of Jesus Christ supercedes the Mosaic law.

- I. Paul and Barnabas go to Jerusalem.
  1. Reason for going.
  2. Teachings of Jews in regard to circumcision.
  3. The law of Moses.
  4. Antagonism between Jew and Gentile.
- II. Proceedings of the Council.
  1. The issue.
  2. Peter's speech.
  3. James' views.
  4. The decision.
  5. Significance to the Church.
    - a. As to Church government.
    - b. As to Mosaic law.

#### Questions:

1. Discuss: Disobeying the spirit of the law and yet living within the letter of the law.
1. What importance do you attach to the decision made by the Council at Jerusalem?
3. What did it establish concerning the authority of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles?



**Review Questions for Third Quarter—  
September**

1. Prove that our conception of the mode of baptism and the reception of the Holy Ghost agrees with the teachings of the ancient Apostles.

2. Illustrate through the life of Saul the effect that conversion to the Gospel has upon one's mode of life.

3. How do you account for the increased devotion and energy which Peter put forth in the Gospel service following the resurrection of the Savior?

**Advanced Theological****DOCTRINE AND COVENANTS**

First Sunday, September 2, 1923

**Uniform Fast Day Lesson**

Subject: Why do I believe that the Lord has a purpose in gathering His people together? (See Superintendents' Department for suggestions.)

Second Sunday, September 9, 1923

**Section 19. Repentance Required of all  
Men**

1. The saving power of repentance—16.
2. The woes of the non-repentant—15, 16, 17-20.
3. The significance of endless punishment and eternal punishment.
4. God's message to the world—31-32.
5. Exhortations and promises—33-34.

Third Sunday, September 16, 1923

**Section 20. Initiation into the Church and  
Obligations of Membership**

1. Baptism.  
Conditions prerequisite.  
a. Capacity to repent—71.  
b. Personal preparedness—37.

2. Manner—73, 74 (Learn the ceremony)  
By whom performed—Elders 38,  
Priests 46.
3. Confirmation.  
a. Preparatory instruction.  
b. How and by whom performed—68, 41.
4. Obligations of members.  
a. As to personal conduct—69.  
b. As to their children—70.  
c. To attend Sacrament meetings—75. (Learn the blessing on the bread and water.)
5. Privileges of members.  
a. To be enrolled in records—82.  
b. To have membership certified—84.

Fourth Sunday, September 23, 1923

**Sections 115, 122**

1. Church to be called Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
2. The House of the Lord to be built at Far West.  
a. Presidency not to go in debt—a fund to be arranged for in advance.
3. Wonderful assurances to Joseph Smith while prisoner in Liberty jail.  
a. He suffered; so had the Son of Man suffered.  
b. "Thy days are known, and thy years shall not be numbered less."

Fifth Sunday, September 30, 1923

**Preview Questions**

1. What are the distinguishing duties attached to each office in the Melchizedek Priesthood?
2. What are the distinguishing duties attached to each office in the Aaronic priesthood?
3. What evidence does Chapter 20, Doctrine and Covenants, furnish to you in supporting the claim of divinity of Joseph Smith's mission?
4. What is the place of the Priesthood in the governing order of the Church?

**Habits**

The habits you form in youth, my lad,  
Will grow with your growth, till, at last,  
Whether good or ill, they will form a chain  
That will bind and hold you fast.

For habits are but a growth, my lad,  
A little bit, day by day.  
A thought, a word, a deed, and lo,  
A habit has come to stay.

—The Boys' Weekly.





# SECOND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT



*Harold G. Reynolds, Chairman; Horace H. Cummings, J. Leo Fairbanks and  
T. Albert Hooper*

## First Year—Church History

### LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923

**First Sunday, September 2, 1923**

#### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the Lord has a purpose in gathering His people together? (See Superintendents' Department for treatment of this lesson.)

**Second Sunday, September 9, 1923**

#### Lesson 24. The Twelve Apostles the Presiding Quorum of the Church

Aim: The leadership of our Church is determined by the Lord.

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," chapters 25, 26.

Teachers' References: "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pp. 352-354; "Essentials in Church History," chapters 36, 37.

- I. Immediate effect of the martyrdom.
  1. The funeral.
  2. The sorrow and gloom of the people.
  3. The return of the Twelve and of the missionaries.
- II. Succession of leadership.
  1. Sidney Ridgdon's claims.
  2. Brigham Young's speech.
  3. The manifestation.
- III. Subsequent activities.
  1. Mob activities.
  2. Discouragement of the Saints.
- IV. Work on the Temple.
  1. Activities of the enemies.
  2. Toils and sacrifices of the Saints.
- V. Exodus from Nauvoo.
  1. The treachery of the mob.
  2. The suffering of the Saints.
  3. Battle of Nauvoo.
  4. Final expulsion.
  5. The miracle of the quails.

Application question:

How did God acknowledge the new leadership?

**Third Sunday, September 16, 1923**

#### Lesson 25. Brigham Young Leads the Saints Westward

Aim: It requires courage to remain a true Later-day Saint,

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," chapter 27.

Make your outline of this lesson, emphasizing the prediction of the Prophet Joseph that the Saints would be driven westward to the Rocky Mountains and the suffering the Saints would endure between Nauvoo and the Rockies. (See "Essentials in Church History," pp. 406-408, or "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," pp. 404-405.)

Explain the organization of the camps, division of responsibility, condition of the Saints, insufficient and poorly equipped outfits, lack of provisions, season of the year, condition of roads, etc.

Follow the map, on page 120 in pupils' text, designating the Pioneer trail, permanent camps. Discuss the purpose of these camps. Draw the attention of the class to the work of the Primary Association a few years past in making the Pioneer trail, camps, etc.

Picture the Saints in their camps after a long day's journey. How were the evenings spent in the camps and how was the Sabbath observed?

Have read in the class the Pioneer hymn composed by Elder William Clayton, "Come, come, ye Saints."

What were the things which made for self-development in the lives of the Pioneers?

What opportunities have Latter-day Saint boys and girls to show real courage?

**Fourth Sunday, September 23, 1923**

#### Lesson 26. The Mormon Battalion

Aim: Loyalty to the government brings respect and advancement to the individual.

Pupils' Text: "A Young Folks' History of the Church," chapter 28.

Teachers' References: "One Hundred Years of Mormonism," 420, 436-437; "Essentials in Church History," page 410, chapter 38.

The following topics are suggested as a guide in outlining the lesson:

1. Call of the Battalion.
2. Condition of the Pioneers.
3. Cause of the Mexican War.



4. Instruction and promise of President Brigham Young to the Battalion.
5. March of the Battalion.
6. Hardships endured by the Battalion.
7. Work in California.
8. Tribute of Col. Cook and Gen. Kearney to Battalion boys.

Call attention to the patriotism which has always characterized the members of the Church. Repeat and discuss the 12th Article of Faith.

How can pupils show their loyalty to the government in times of peace? What should their attitude be toward the laws?—the anti-cigarette law, prohibition, etc.?

### Fifth Sunday, September 30, 1923

#### Questions for Review

1. What authority was brought back to earth through the visitation of Moses and Elijah to the Kirtland Temple? What are the benefits of Temple work?
2. What value is missionary work to the missionary himself? To the Church? How may young men and women prepare for missionary service?
3. What in the life of the Prophet Joseph strengthens your testimony in the divinity of his mission?
4. Why do you believe that President Brigham Young was divinely appointed as successor to Joseph Smith?

### Third Year—"What it Means to be a 'Mormon'"

#### LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923

##### First Sunday, September 2, 1923

#### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the Lord has a purpose in gathering His people together? (See Superintendents' Department for outline?)

##### Second Sunday, September 9, 1923

Subject: Cigarettes.

Text: "What it Means to be a Mormon," chaps. 24 and 25. Teacher, read from Dr. Pack's "Tobacco and Human Efficiency." Get the boys of your class to read this book. Have members of the class read the comments of big men as given in the text. Develop the suggestions at the end of the chapter. In your preview one week before this is given, assign the questions at the end of Chapter 25. (See Juvenile, July, 1923, page 372.)

Girls have a wonderful influence over boys. What can the girls of your class do to discourage the boys of your community from becoming cigarette smokers? Read Doctrine and Covenants 89:8.

What attitude should our Latter-day Saint girls have toward keeping company with young men who smoke? What about the girls permitting young men to smoke in their presence?

##### Third Sunday, September 16, 1923

Subject: Cleanliness of Thought.

Text: "What it Means to be a Mormon," chap. 26.

What is the relationship between thought and action?

Besides the point developed in the text, discuss with your boys and girls where and how they spend their "spare time."

Form a reading circle. James F. Willis writes: "We need not hope for anything really worthy of a Christian or an American from the man who does not at times love to stay in his own room in the ennobling company of the great men who live in books."

Your boys and girls should read "The Strength of Being Clean," by David Starr Jordan, and "As a Man Thinketh," by James Lane Allen.

No doubt, you, in your own community, have some special problems in encouraging young men and women to employ well their time. You, as teacher, should come prepared with concrete suggestions on how they can avoid the street corner, the pool hall, and other congregating places where idle and corrupting thoughts are conceived. Make your suggestions practical and inspiring. Have the class help you plan.

##### Fourth Sunday, September 23, 1923

Subject: Common Sense.

Text: "What it Means to be a Mormon," chap. 27.

Have the class read the 89th section of the Doctrine and Covenants.

Recite the 13th Article of Faith as substantiating the Gospel as a common sense religion.

Have read in class the following scripture passages: Proverbs 4:7; Doctrine and Covenants 88:118; 1 Tim. 4:13; Eccl. 8:8; Doctrine and Covenants, 90:15.

Outline this lesson keeping in mind the suggestions at the end of the chapter and how they can be driven home to your boys and girls.



Fifth Sunday, September 30, 1923

### Questions for Review

Be prepared with paper and pencils for all of your class members. Encourage them to put their best into their answers. See that they have a clear understanding of the questions.

1. How can a person obtain faith?
2. Why do you believe in prayer?

3. Name the different organizations:
  - a. In the Church:
  - b. In the stake.
  - c. In the ward.
4. Give the names of the presidency of the Church; the quorum of the Twelve Apostles; the presidency of your stake; the bishopric of your ward; the superintendency of your Sunday School.
5. What good is our missionary system doing?

## If You are Twenty-One

So you are twenty-one.

And you stand up, clear-eyed, clear-minded, to look all the world squarely in the face. You are a man!

Did you ever think, son, how much it has cost to make a man out of you?

Some one has figured up the cost in money of rearing a child. He says to bring up a young man to legal age, care for him and educate him, costs \$25,000, which is a lot of money to put into flesh and blood.

But that isn't all.

You have cost your father many hard knocks and short dinners and gray streaks in his hair; and your mother—oh, boy, you will never know! You have cost her days and nights of anxiety, and wrinkles in her dear face, and heartaches and sacrifice.

It has been expensive to grow you, but—

If you are what we think you are, you are worth all your cost—and much, much more.

Be sure of this: While father does not say much but "Hello, son!" way down deep in his tough, stanch heart he thinks you are the finest ever; and as for the little mother, she simply can not keep her love and pride for you out of her eyes. You are a man now.

And some time you must step into your father's shoes. He wouldn't like you to call him old, but just the same he isn't as young as he used to be. You see, young man, he has been working pretty hard for more than twenty years to help you up, and already your mother is beginning to lean on you.

Doesn't that sober you, twenty-one?

Your father has done fairly well; but you can do better. You may not think so, but he does. He has given you a better chance than he had. In many ways you can begin where he left off. He expects a good deal from you, and that is why he has tried to make a man of you. Don't flinch, boy!

The world will try you out. It will put to test every fiber in you; but you are made of good stuff. Once the load is fairly strapped on your young shoulders you will carry it and scarcely feel it—if only there be the willing and cheerful mind.

It's high time you are beginning to pay the freight—and your back debts to your father and mother. You will pay them up, won't you, boy?

How shall you pay them?

By being always and everywhere a man!—Selected.





# FIRST-INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENT



*George M. Cannon, Chairman; Josiah Burrows, Adam Bennion, and Alfred C. Rees*

## First Year—Book of Mormon

### LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923

First Sunday, September 2, 1923

#### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Text: Why do I believe that the Lord has a purpose in gathering His people together? (See Superintendent's Department for treatment of this lesson.)

Second Sunday, September 9, 1923

Lesson: Corianton.

Text: Alma, chapters 31, 39, 40.

To Teachers: This unusual lesson is the story of a young man who, after enjoying the advantages of a good home, and after having been taught the Gospel, goes on a mission and there brings disgrace upon his parents, his Church and himself.

Alma, his father, describes the grief which he, himself, feels. After you have related this story to your class, get their reaction. What effect did Corianton's actions have upon the missionary work among the Zoramites? What must they have thought of all missionaries? Whom do our boys represent when they go on missions? How do people in the world judge us? What responsibility rests upon our elders? What does it mean to receive an honorable release? Is it a prize worth working for? Even when little boys and girls in our Church go among strangers, do they, too, represent the Church? Then how should they conduct themselves?

By asking these and similar questions, you should be able today to obtain answers from your class that will show their feelings on this point of personal responsibility—to represent their parents and the Church wherever they go, in a praiseworthy manner. The central thought may be expressed thus:

By living the Gospel, we do honor to ourselves, our parents, and the Church.

Third Sunday, September 15, 1923

Lesson: Moroni and Zerahemnah.

Text: Alma 43, 44.

To Teachers: To hero worshipers, for such are your boys and girls, this lesson furnishes a real thrill.

Picture to them Moroni's triumph in battle against the determined Lamanites. Keep before them how Moroni's spirit to sacrifice all for home and religion, inspired his followers. On the other hand, show how Zerahemnah was actuated by hate and envy. His desire was to destroy. He possessed, however, one admirable trait—honor. He refused to capitulate upon terms he knew he would not keep.

#### I. Moroni's call.

1. Reason.

2. Preparations.

#### II. The conflict.

1. Plan of the Lamanites.

2. Fasting by the Nephites.

3. Answer to their prayers.

4. Moroni's strategy.

5. Capture of Zerahemnah.

6. Terms of his release.

7. His refusal.

8. Renewal of the conflict.

Does this lesson help to build up our faith that the Lord does not limit His blessings to any one kind of activity? The war in which the Nephites were engaged was a justifiable one, as far as they were concerned. The Lord, therefore, led them in battle. Have you heard stories that some of our returned soldier boys tell, how they were preserved while in the conflict? Have some of them told today. We should always live in such a way that we can ask the Lord to bless us, no matter where we may be. Try to have this thought left with your class: that we should ask the Lord to help us in all things in which we are interested.

Moroni has taught us that big lesson.

Fourth Sunday, September 23, 1923

Lesson: The Young Ammonites.

Text: Alma 45, 56, 57.

To Teachers: Nowhere in history is there recorded a more supreme faith in the Lord than was exhibited by these 2,000 young men. Refer back to the covenant which their fathers made concerning warfare, and the fidelity with which that pledge was kept. In relating



that incident to your class, show how the keeping of that pledge influenced the lives of the sons.

- I. Alma's departure.
  1. Calls Helaman his son.
  2. Bestows authority upon him.
  3. Utters important prophecies.
  4. Departs from among men.
- II. Helaman Assumes Command.
  1. Young Ammonites enlist.
  2. They go to battle.
  3. Their valor.
  4. Their entire preservation.
  5. Incidents of the battle.
- III. The Soldier Boy's Statements.
  1. Their early teachings.
  2. Influence of their mothers.
  3. Their adherence to these teachings.
  4. The Lord's respect for their faith.

Teachers, tell this story with fervor and earnestness, so that the class will catch its deep significance.

"Listen to the teachings of your parents" is the theme of this lesson.

Joseph Smith, the boy prophet, was devoted to his mother. It was his mother who encouraged him during his trial and persecutions, and told him to do what the Lord had commanded him.

President Grant was left as a little boy with his widowed mother. His love for her and his respect for her teachings were factors in placing him in his present exalted position.

How can boys and girls show devotion to their mothers? What are some of the things they teach us? How can thoughts of Mother help boys and girls to withstand evil? When confronted with temptation, think of mother.

### Fifth Sunday, September 30, 1923

#### Questions for Review

1. What lesson did you learn from the Ammonite boys?
2. Tell how and why the Lord blessed Moroni in battle.
3. Tell the story of Korihor and his signs.
4. Write the names of five good men you have read about in the Book of Mormon and tell something about each one.

## Third Year—Life of Christ

### LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923

#### First Sunday, September 2, 1923

##### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the Lord has a purpose in gathering His

people together? (See Superintendents' Department for detailed outline.)

#### Second Sunday, September 9, 1923

##### Lesson 24

Text: "A Life of Christ for the Young"—Weed; Chapter 52, Christ Blessing the Little Children. (See Matt. 19:13-15; Mark 10:13-16; Luke 18:15-17); Chapter 53, The Rich Young Ruler, Matt. 19:16-22; Mark 10:17-22; Luke 18:19-23; The Request of James and John, Matt. 20:20-28; Mark 10:35-45.

In all the incidents covered by this lesson the same principle is emphasized: "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." (Matt. 18:3.)

In the case of the rich young ruler, the temptation to live in ease is shown even where the disposition to keep the commandments of God is present.

The ambition of the mother of James and John that her sons might sit one on the right hand and the other on the left of the Savior was doubtless prompted by noble motives. But in His answer the Savior teaches the great lesson: We should do our plain duty and our reward rests with our Heavenly Father.

#### Third Sunday, September 16, 1923

##### Lesson 25

Text: "A Life of Christ for the Young"—Weed; Chapter 54, Zacchaeus (See Luke 19:1-10); Chapter 55, Bartimaens (See Matt. 20:29-34, Mark 10:46-52, Luke 18:35-43.)

In the case of Zacchaeus, the fact is shown that the Gospel influences for good the lives of men.

In the second case (Bartimaens) the faith of the blind man enabled him to be healed and to gain the glorious gift of sight at the hand of the Master.

#### Fourth Sunday, September 23, 1923

##### Lesson 26

Text: Chapter 56. The Feast at Bethany, Matt. 26:6-13, Mark 14:3-9, John 12:1-8; Chapter 57, The First Palm Sunday, Matt. 21:1-11, Mark 11:1-10, Luke 19:29-44, John 12:12-19.

At Bethany we find the Savior taking one of the few occasions of rest after the beginning of His active ministry. The chief interest of a feast that was given in his honor was occasioned by one of



the few incidents in which he permitted others to specially perform service for His comfort and in His honor. In the passages in Matthew and Mark above referred to, we are told "There came a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment, and poured it on his head," but in the account given by John the name of this woman is given as Mary; and that at the supper Martha served and their brother "Lazarus was one of them that sat at the table with Him." Judas is described as complaining of the waste in using this costly ointment to anoint the Savior and even others of the Twelve objected to this act; but while Mary is not described as saying anything the Savior Himself defended her act of devotion and told them, "The poor always ye have with you; but me ye have not always."

Chapter 57 describes another departure from the usual custom of the Savior; for

upon His entry into Jerusalem on this occasion He rode instead of walked. And this He did in fulfilment of prophecy, and to enable the people to greet his entry with the predicted shouts of "Hosanna, Blessed is the King of Israel that cometh in the name of the Lord!"—John 12:13.

**Fifth Sunday, September 30, 1923**

### Written Review

#### Review Questions

1. Why do we pray?
2. Give the Lord's prayer.
3. Why does the Savior love little children?
4. Why do we take little babies to Fast meeting?
5. How did the Savior show that He had power over death?

## I Think It's Fun, Don't You?

*By Annie Malin*

I really am a little girl,  
 But oh, I love to play  
 That I'm a grown-up lady,  
 With a family, too; but say,  
 Sometimes I borrow mother's shoes,  
 Her long kimona, too—  
 A princess then I am, you see—  
 I think it's fun, don't you?

My sister holds my long train up,  
 She is my page, you see.  
 My maid must hold my fan and things,  
 They all must wait on me.  
 Then sometimes, Charley's Robin Hood  
 With bow and arrows, too,  
 And then I am Maid Marian—  
 I think it's fun, don't you?

Then sometimes, I'm a Fairy Queen,  
 And sometimes, I'm a sprite;  
 All through the day it is such fun.  
 But when it's dark at night—  
 I'd rather be just mother's girl  
 And daddy's darling, too,  
 And cuddle in their loving arms—  
 I think that's best, don't you?





# PRIMARY DEPARTMENT



*Chas. B. Felt, Chairman; Frank K. Seegmiller; assisted by Florence Horne Smith, and Mabel Cook*

## LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923

**First Sunday, September 2, 1923**

### Uniform Fast Day Lesson

Subject: Why do I believe that the Lord has a purpose in gathering His people together?

Reference—Superintendents' Department of this magazine.

Aim: That we may learn of His ways and walk in His paths, and escape the judgments which will come upon the wicked.

Point of Contact: Do you remember the stories of the children of Israel under Moses going to the Promised Land? What did the Lord give to Moses on Mount Sinai? (The ten commandments.) Why? (That the people might know how to serve Him.) God wanted His ancient people to "Learn of His ways and walk in His paths."

What wonderful building was built under King Solomon? Why? Yes, that God might give blessings that cannot be received except in the Temple.

Lesson: After Jesus, our Lord, was put to death, one of His apostles named John, was given a vision of what was to happen hundreds of years later; among other things he saw an angel come down from heaven and he heard a voice from heaven which said: "Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues."

We are living in the time which the apostle John saw, and God called His people to come out of wicked places, to a land where His prophets could teach us of His ways; where Temples could be built in which we could receive wonderful blessings, and where, if we are faithful and true, we can escape the judgments, such as wars, famines, pestilences, etc., which are coming upon the wicked.

So, much like Moses led ancient Israel to the Promised Land, where God taught them of His ways and where they built a temple, President Brigham Young, under the direction of the Lord, led our grandfathers and grandmothers to do as the angel said, "Come out of Baby-

lon, away from the wicked places and peoples, to this land where we have built Temples and where we are taught of His ways and where we can walk in His paths and escape the awful judgments."

Application: How can we "Learn of God's ways?" By attending Sunday School, Sacrament meetings; by studying the scriptures, etc. How can we walk in His paths? (Accept any answer that accords with the Gospel truths.)

Note: Let one of the teachers sing the first and third stanzas of the song: "Come come, ye Saints" (L. D. S. Hymn Book, page 58) and explain how it was written by Brother Wm. Clayton to be sung in camp to encourage the Saints on their journey across the plains as they were coming to Zion.

### Lesson 32. Having Eyes They Saw Not

Text: II Kings 6:18-23.

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories."

**Second Sunday, September 9, 1923**

### Lesson 33. The Captive Princes

Text: II Kings 24:25; II Chronicles 36; Jeremiah 52:1-30; Daniel I.

**Third Sunday, September 16, 1923**

### Lesson 34. Youths Who Would not Bow Down to an Idol

Text: Daniel 3.

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories."

**Fourth Sunday, September 23, 1923**

### Lesson 35. A Prince Who Dared to Serve God

Text: Daniel 3.

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories."

**Fifth Sunday, September 30, 1923**

### Lesson 36. A Brave Young Queen

Text: Book of Esther.

Reference: "Bible and Church History Stories."



## Preview Questions for September, 1923

1. How did Elisha show the highest type of Christian spirit in the way he treated the Syrian prisoners?

2. How did Daniel and the captive princes show their devotion to principle in the matter of their food? What blessings came to them on this account? What blessings will come to us for obedience to the Word of Wisdom?

3. What tests come, or are likely to come, to us in which we can to advantage emulate the loyalty, steadfastness of purpose and unwavering faith shown by Daniel and the other princes?

In performance of Church duties?

In matters of dress, of amusements.  
In matters of business?

4. What do you think you would do if confronted with an opportunity for good to your people—God's people—if attended by personal danger approximating that which confronted Esther?

5. What "Great Objectives" have your teaching "Short Stories from Old Testament" put into your lives? Into the lives of your pupils? Which of these objectives are especially well illustrated by the lessons of this month? In what way?

### Do it Agreeably

You know it isn't any more what a man does and says than how he does and says it.

You can lend a man a dollar and make him feel grateful for the courtesy, or hate you for doing it.

A lot of men state a desire to assist, but when the call comes are so "darn" disagreeable about it that it ceases to be an assistance—it degenerates into an insult.

There are men always harping on co-operation, who have no idea of the fundamentals which make co-operation possible. No one who has charge of men can get their co-operation by talking to them as though he himself were better than they. He may be better, but if he makes it evident that he believes it or, worse yet, desires to impress the fact on those who work with or under him, then he ceases to be a co-operator.

Co-operation means "working together." It specifies an equality. It may not be an equality of ability, but it is an equality in per cent of endeavor. The two-talent man, to co-operate with the one-talent man, must place one of his talents against the one of the other, and show his realization of the other's possession of the one talent, and not emphasize the fact that he has a two-to-one capacity.

That is very simple, but in conversation over the 'phone, in office and in factory work, there is too often absent the little finishing touches of doing things agreeably, which absence puts sand in the oil cups.

There is a far-reaching truth in the saying, "He who humbles himself shall be exalted," meaning that to get the co-operative attitude going, one must be willing to relegate his accomplishments to the rear, and bring forward his sense of appreciation for the talent and effort of others before he can get such others to do much in the way of wanting to "follow on."

To belittle another is to make him an enemy, and it is as possible to belittle one by self-praise as by actual condemnation or open criticism.—Trumbull Cheer.





# KINDERGARTEN DEPARTMENT



*Wm. A. Morton, Chairman; Charles J. Ross; assisted by Ina Johnson and Blanche Love Gee*

## LESSONS FOR SEPTEMBER, 1923

### Songs for the Month:

"Forgiveness," p. 25, Kindergarten and Primary Songs; "Songs of Summer," p. 20, Hill; "Angry Words," D. S. S. Songs.

### Rest Exercises:

Representation of the farmer's work in the fields at this season of the year.

**Aim:** A forgiving spirit toward others is pleasing unto the Lord.

### Program:

- I. Opening.
  1. Gathering of wraps.
  2. Song practice.
  3. Hymn.
  4. Prayer.
  5. Song.
  6. Rest period.
- II. Group Work.
  1. Memory Gem—Sacrament Gem.
  2. Lesson.
- III. Closing.
  1. Passing of wraps.
  2. Song.
  3. Benediction.

**First Sunday, September 2, 1923**

### Fast Day Subject:

Why do I believe that the Lord has a purpose in gathering His people together?

Helps for Teachers: Doctrine and Covenants, section 64.

### Story:

Little Donald lived with his father and mother and little brother Bobbie in the far-off country of Scotland. Donald went to Sunday School. It was not a Sunday School like we attend with our nice little class with pictures and chairs. He met with many of the larger boys and sometimes he could not understand their stories.

One evening two men called to see Donald's father and mother. "We are 'Mormon' missionaries," they said. "We have come to invite you to our church. Our home is far across the ocean, but we have come here to preach to the people."

Donald's mother invited them into her home and asked them many questions about their home. They called many times to see the family and after a few weeks they visited some of their friends.

One night when they were in the home, Donald's mother asked, "What must we do to join your Church?"

"Our Heavenly Father has asked that we believe in Him and try to do better. Then we may be baptized and have His Spirit to be our helper."

The missionaries then told them of the home in the mountains which the Lord had prepared for His people who would love Him and do good to all.

Donald's mother wanted to go to this country because she knew the missionaries were telling the truth. But it would be hard to leave her friends, and they had no money to take them on such a long journey.

Donald said that he would not leave his little playmates, but when mother talked to him he said he might find some new friends if he could go to the Sunday School there.

It was many weeks before Donald's mother could save just a little money but father worked so hard that after many months, they had enough to take them on the long journey.

The day came when Donald was to tell his little friends "Good-bye." Many laughed at him because he was joining the new Church, but he did not notice them because he had heard his mother say, "If our Heavenly Father wants us to go to the mountains, we may then live with His good people and learn more of His Gospel."

It was a long journey, but a very happy day for all when they came to their new home. Many people were kind to them, and Donald found many little friends at Sunday School.

After living in their new country for a few years they heard from their friends whom they had left across the ocean. They told how sorry they were to think they had not joined the Church when Donald and his mother and father did. Many people were sick and fathers had no work to do. Some of the little children were hungry because they had no food to eat.

When Donald's mother told him the sad news which the letter brought, the tears came into his eyes.

"Oh, I wish they were here with us," he said. "Heavenly Father has blessed us so much and we are never hungry because father has work."

"That is one way our Heavenly Father



has taken care of His people here in the mountains, and I am sure He will always watch over His people if they remember to do as He has told them to do," said Donald's mother.

That night, when Donald said his prayers, he thanked our Heavenly Father for his home in the mountains and asked Him to bless all the hungry little children in the far-off countries.

### Second Sunday, September 9, 1923

Subject: Joseph Sold into Egypt.

Text: Gen. 37.

Lesson 25. First Year Outline.

Suggestive Memory Gem:

"To love the ones who hurt us  
And try to make them see  
That they are grieving Jesus  
Who wants them kind to be—  
This is forgiveness."

—Annie Malin.

### Third Sunday, September 16, 1923

Subject: Joseph and His Brethren in Egypt.

Text: Gen. 41:28-57; 42.

Lesson 26. First Year Outline.

### Fourth Sunday, September 23, 1923

Subject: Joseph Taking Care of His Father and Brothers.

Text: Gen. 43, 44, 45, 46:29-30.

Lesson 27. First Year Outline.

### Fifth Sunday, September 30, 1923

This Sunday may be given a review of Lesson 25, 26, 27.

Let the children tell you the story with the aid of pictures.

This story gives us an opportunity to make our application in the child's life of the spirit of love for brothers and sisters in the home.

### Preview of September Lessons

1. What is the Lord's purpose in gathering His people together?
2. What is meant by having a forgiving spirit?
3. What commandment was given us concerning this forgiving spirit?
4. How does Joseph's treatment of his brothers show his greatness?
5. State how the Lord always protects in a natural way those He has chosen as leaders?

## Prayer of a Sunday School Teacher

As a teacher, father,  
Help me worthy be,  
Prayful, studious, faithful  
Living close to Thee.

May the little children  
Whom I teach, I pray,  
Through my humble efforts  
Better live each day.

May my acts ne'er cause them  
Faith in Thee to lose,  
May my teachings aid them  
E'er the right to choose.

May Thy Gospel, Father,  
To their hearts grow dear,  
May its glorious teachings  
Make their duty clear.

As a light in darkness  
May their lives e'er shine  
And the praise and glory,  
Father, shall be Thine.

Ethel Lillywhite  
Mesa Arizona.



# TEACHER-TRAINING DEPARTMENT

## HELPS IN TEACHER TRAINING

Written for the General Board of Education, by L. John Nattal, Brigham Young University.

### Imagination

(To accompany Lesson XII, How We Learn, Teacher-Training Text, 1923)

So far the discussions of the course have dealt largely with the impression or receiving activity in learning. The real richness and effectiveness of mental life depend upon this. Sometimes we call this experience. The mental effect of these varied activities in life is in such a way as to develop meanings. We then say we know much or in more technical language we have a larger number and more fully and accurately developed perceptions.

When we discussed memory we reached the active reproductive faculty by means of which past experiences are used in the present. As long as the things recalled are recognized as the happening or learning of the past and are reproduced as they were experienced or learned, it is memory. This is true whether the exact words or only the meanings are remembered. For the constructive mental activities, imagination or thinking, these rich experiences are very necessary. Norseworthy & Whitley say, "What is important, however, is that a sufficient number of varied perceptual appeals be made, with strict attention on the part of the learner, so that memory may be good and the response accurate."

Generally when we recall the color red, or an orange or a circle or a person or a tune or the smell of gasoline or some other sensation or groups of sensations, we reinstate in the brain the same activity though in a less intense, less clear, less steady way, than was present in sensation. This activity brings into consciousness a reproduction of the original sensations although the difference in most wakening life is great enough to make us conscious of the fact that the stimulus which originally caused this experience is lacking. The recall of these sensations in this way we call imagery. If the images return in their original setting or nearly so, and in their original form the imagination is reproductive and is closely related to memory. These images parallel the sensations in kind. The most common ones are visual, audi-

tory, kinaesthetic, tactual especially for pressure. The other types are less commonly clearly recognized. All people seem to use a mixed imagery though generally some one form is more easily used than others.

The following stories contain a different element.

One boy about six years old went to Sunday School and was told the story of Christ's being taken into Egypt. He came home and reported about as follows:

"The big king got all of his horses and soldiers and guns and went after Jesus, and Jesus and his papa ran and ran and when the soldiers came they climbed a tree and hid, and the soldiers shot all of their bullets and came home and then Jesus and his papa took their horses and went to Egypt and saw the Lord there."

A little four year old girl played alone but continually talked to a companion, fixed two places at the play dinners and always provided in other ways for two. She was creating a companion.

A story is told of a child who could not be controlled under any conditions until an aunt sat down near some rocks and began laying them side by side in a row. The child watched and then asked what they were and was told the rocks were soldiers. Soon the child was so absorbed in the play that his lack of control was completely gone and all of his playthings assumed new significance in this military life.

A small boy in bed continually called to ask if there were various animals in each room of the house, on the roof, in the neighbors' homes, etc. He was filling his entire surroundings with creatures tending to create fear.

As I write this my own boy of eleven has just finished asking for some lumber to make "an invention." He has shown me a drawing of a particular object he intends to make and works day and night to carry it out. He has seen somewhere every part of it, but the combination is new.

Young people day dream. Their castles are built of parts of glorious homes they know and wealth they have seen or read about and of companionship they crave. Sometimes this goes far into the realm of the fanciful and impossible.

Examples might be multiplied. In stories, make believe in play, fears, inventions, day dreams as illustrated above,



together with dreams, most early lives of childhood, or worry, the past material is recalled in images of some form but these are worked out in different relationships or groupings or combinations. The result of this mental process is productive imagination. Woodworth calls it the manipulative activity which parallels reasoning. "By means of it one is able to invent marvels in machinery, or aeroplanes, or costumes; one may revolutionize the world of philosophy, or find the cure for all social ills; one may control the forces of nature or convert nations—one creates new worlds. All thinking, all invention, all progress depends on this power of reconstructing the old into a new thing. It is then one of the most precious abilities of the human race, and should be developed and fostered by all the means at the command of education. Upon the wealth and fertility of the imaginative power man must depend for all the suggestions that will make this world other than it is." (Norseworthy & Whitely; "Psychology of Childhood," page 156.)

As in all other mental association, imagination may be free, running into almost any line of fanciful or practical reconstruction or it may be controlled along the line of the solution of a problem or the criticism of an act or condition and the recreation of it on a better plan. Occasionally worth-while new things are produced in free imagination, but more generally the safest plan to follow is to guide and direct by well placed material and problems the imagination along controlled lines.

Children differ according to age. In very early childhood imagination is largely reproductive and imitative; from four or five to eight children live in fields of fancy and fantasy and enjoy and build fairy stories, stories in which objects and animals assume human abilities, and do desired exciting things; later the imagination turns more to the practical and productive but in early adolescence the idealistic life of highly desirable human relationships again carries the child into the realm of fancy only to become more practical in the maturity of later adolescence. Imagery may be concrete or verbal. For example, someone suggests the idea of home, and one person images the house, garden, flowers, etc., while the other visualized h-o-m-e. Rapid thought comes with the use of verbal or word images but children recall most in concrete imagery. To develop real appreciation words should call up images. Poems to be enjoyed need to associate

closely in mind with the pictures for which the words stand. When music is being played it helps to appreciate it if the theme is known. Children get real joy out of such music as Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" if they listen for the song of the bird or the noise of the brook or the wind. A picture is enjoyed much more when it recalls the images which complete the scene. "Abide, with Me, Fast Falls the Even-tide" becomes more human and powerful when the words recall the picture of the author writing them as his last act on earth as he slowly passed from life alone and unwatched by human eyes. Surely in the field of appreciation this power of imagination is to be developed.

Teachers should encourage the power of productive imagination and should not too vigorously try to repress it. They should keep clearly in mind that nothing is imagined that has not been experienced before. If the information giving and experience providing part of teaching is rich, full and accurate the reproductions will be. Occasional dramatizations give expression to this ability. In ethical lessons to build up a substitute line of conduct is very useful. In practical studies plans, drawings and outlines prove a means of expression. In religion fields of service can be projected, possibilities represented by the creation studied, applications of the doctrine of eternal progression may be outlined or plans for making more effective church teachings may be formulated.

In priesthood quorums of boys plans for more effective passing of sacrament, of ushering, or organization or recreational activity might be formulated. Boy Scouts chiefly enjoy planning and anticipating for months brief hikes or other exercises.

Socially children should be encouraged to work out novel entertainments or games or plays. Their contributions should be tried out sympathetically.

In writing stories, plays, poems, etc., this power can be encouraged and at proper time the unreal and fanciful encouraged and contrasted with the practical. Above all we must tend to avoid the deadening effect of attempting to restrict children's expression to mere memory or reproductive imaginations, or of judging what is contributed by the child on the basis of adult standards alone.

**Note:** An article on "Memory" to accompany Lesson XI, Teacher-Training text, will be found in the August number of "The Improvement Era."



# RELIGION CLASSES

*Written for the General Church Board of Education by Harrison R. Merrill, Brigham Young University*

## THERE IS STILL A GIANT TO FIGHT

Seventy-six years ago this month the pioneers, weary, homesick, travel-stained, entered the Promised Land of the West. Though they had been warned by the "spies" of the times that the land was inhabited by giants, under whose sway they would be as grasshoppers, and even though they were told that there were no grapes of Eshcol in this new Canaan—only burning deserts and the great American dead sea with its bitter, bitter waters—they hesitated not. A long, winding, limping, caravan, they came and perched beside the little stream that panted down from the hills and wriggled through the sage brush to the salt marshes by the lake.

Though it was but a little company of Pilgrims, bedraggled and dirty no doubt, to the few red-skinned Utes or the wild eyes of native game who may have seen them, that rude exterior successfully disguised the great spirit who had been reserved through ages to set up in the tops of the mountains an ensign to the world. A spiritual host was with the little band, and at their touch a desert empire was redeemed almost in a breath.

The "giants" of the land at the first encounter began to tremble and make concessions. Age-old Drouth whose shriveling hands had been upon the valleys for ages at the command of the pygmies who had invaded his territory, began to loosen his grip and retreat before the gleaming shovels and unhesitating spades. Slinking by his side went killing late and early Frost at whose command Jim Bridger declared corn could never grow in the valley. Pests of insects stubbornly stood their ground, but they, too, gave way after a heart-breaking struggle. With the routing of these giants the spectre Famine, whose bony fist had knocked at many cabin doors only to be denied admission by the pluck of those within, was effectually banished from the land.

Of course that little band of men and women possessed more wisdom than that gleaned from a few short years of mortal experiences. They were the heirs of the age. Before Abraham talked with God upon the plains of Mamre these men and women were working out plans for the

redemption of a desert and a world. Those rough, unshaven faces, those tightly pressed lips, those brilliant eyes were physical expressions of spirits of whom God had said to the Father of the Faithful, "These will I make my rulers."

While still in the thick of the battle with the physical giants, the little band nurtured spiritual growth. A rude combination chapel and school house was erected and the inner man was fed. Over the door was inscribed the words, "Holiness to the Lord," and "The Glory of God is intelligence." That little adobe or stone or log meetinghouse became a laboratory for leadership such as the world had not seen. Every young man from the age of twelve years was given a job—a physical performance with a spiritual significance. Practically every girl was called into service in auxiliary organizations. Salvation was defined as a process of education. Every person understood that "a man is saved no faster than he gains knowledge;" that there is no quick or sudden change from ignorance and wickedness to knowledge and exaltation. They understood perfectly that education does not consist merely of a smattering of reading, writing, and arithmetic, but a well-rounded and balanced development of all of the powers of man. As a result of these beliefs the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints, under the leadership of these men, became a great educational institution.

During the seventy-six years that have elapsed since the coming of those pioneers to these valleys, society has become exceedingly complex. The rude school buildings have given place to educational palaces; the little ward meetinghouses have been followed by pretentious chapels with stained-glass windows and mahogany seats; the ox team has gone and in its stead has come the alluring automobile; but still the ideal stands: "The glory of God is intelligence."

Today the Church is engaged heart and soul in the education of its people. It is a great laboratory in which its members are trained for citizenship not only in the governments of man but in the kingdom of God as well.

Owing to differences of belief, the schools of the land may not supply spiritual training. As a result the Church is



attempting to make up the deficiency through its Church school system consisting of a university, a number of junior colleges, seminaries, and Religion Classes.

Every true Latter-day Saint will lend every encouragement and assistance in his power to these institutions, for today another giant has sprung up in the land far more terrible than Drouth, Frost, Insect pests, and Famine. Though he is more terrible, he is no ally of theirs, for he thrives best where luxury and plenty abound, where men and women have grown "heady, high-minded, lovers of pleasure, rather than lovers of God." His name is Skepticism, although he is known by a number of others, among them Pride, Infidelity and Atheism.

This giant, who is ruthless in his warfare upon faith, attacks every stronghold, but finds easiest conquests among the young. A faith that has been nourished from the cradle turns away the giant's most powerful lance, but that which has been fortified only by precepts and admonitions falls an easy prey.

The Religion Class, by its very method of instruction and by its principles of "do" is one of the best possible methods of combating Skepticism. A man or woman who has learned not only to "do" but to "love to do" is sealed up in large measure from the attacks of the adversary.

Upon us Religion Class workers, then, to a very large extent, depends the future success of this great work. We must take the saving principles of religion into the life of every Latter-day Saint child; we must do our best to lead our children to see the beauty in spiritual things and enjoy the satisfaction of working for God.

Our fore-fathers, seventy-six years ago, were far more powerful than they looked. So are we, if we are as faithful to our trust as they were. We have a mighty giant born of the complexities of modernity to combat, but we must lay him low. Those fore-fathers of ours set up the ensign to the world; we must keep it still floating on high.

## KEEP UP THE SPIRIT OF RELIGION CLASS

Wards and stakes of the Church, if they are to succeed in Religion Class work, must come to realize that it is a year-round work. There was a time when district school officials even in larger communities believed that their period of activity corresponded with the months during which the school was in session. From modern towns and villages that idea has long since vanished. Officials have discovered that in order to have a successful winter school they must have some active help in summer preparing the buildings, getting the grounds in shape, getting acquainted with courses of study, etc. To Religion Class work the same principles will apply.

Stake superintendents should, as far as possible, maintain a faculty and hold faculty meetings in which plans for the coming school year can be discussed. Within a month or two the schools will begin reopening, and the Religion Class that doesn't get started the opening week of school is going to disappoint many pupils as well as the General Board of Education of the Church.

Practically all of the school teachers have been engaged for the coming year.

Ward faculties, when they are not entirely disorganized, during vacation months, could do considerable toward converting parents who have not been very favorable to Religion Class work. They could interview prospective teachers regarding Religion Class work; they could prepare a publicity campaign to precede the opening of the schools; in fact, they could do many things towards preparing the machinery for the coming season's work.

Above all, the Religion Class workers should sense the importance of the coming year's work and be prepared with every means possible to make the coming season the most successful in the history of Religion Classes.

## Wise Sayings

To be happy, you must forget yourself. Learn benevolence; it is the only cure of a morbid temper.

Let honor be to us as strong an obligation as necessity is to others.—Pliny.

When the heart is won, the understanding is easily convinced.—C. Simmons.

Applause waits on success; the fickle multitude, like the light straw that floats along the stream, glides with the current still, and follows fortune.—Franklin.

I've never any pity for conceited people, because I think they carry their comfort about with them.—George Eliot.

While thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy head.—Shakespeare.

If you would know and not be known, live in a city.—Colton.





## Would Mother Object?

*L. Lula Greene Richards*

You want "a true Pioneer story that tells about someone's mother," do you? Very well, children, I can give you a small one at first hand.

The incident I will now relate occurred in the summer and early autumn of 1858—the year of "the Move South." Our family had made the move early in April. And as soon as we were settled in our temporary home—on the 7th of that month, to our mother had been born a dear little baby boy. He was her 12th child, so there was a good number of us to be looked after, although some of the children had been laid to rest in graves by the way, not being required to bear all the hardships of those early Pioneer days.

Two little girls in the family—Melissa and Louisa—were at that time eleven and nine years old. It was rather an unusual fact—noticeable to relatives and friends—that these two children were so attached to each other that they seemed almost inseparable. They ate and slept, played and worked, prayed and sang always together. Among their neighbors were two other girls—Mary and Martha—whose ages were about the same as their own, and who often played with them.

One Sunday afternoon, Mary and Martha called at our house and invited my sister and myself—Melissa and Louisa—to go with them for a walk in the "big pasture."

At first mother objected to our going, and she told us that when she was a child her father and mother would not allow her to walk out anywhere on Sunday except to go to Church and

return home again. The parents were strict, honest Methodists before they received the true Gospel of our Savior as it was revealed to the Prophet Joseph Smith. However, mother concluded after awhile there would be no harm in our taking a quiet walk in the cool, pleasant pasture. And she told us we could go for an hour or so; not to walk too far or stay away too long. Mother kissed us and we kissed the sweet little baby brother on her lap and went happily forth on our Sunday afternoon stroll.

The walk in the fresh, green pasture was indeed very delightful. But our little friends had something else in mind which they had not mentioned in our mother's hearing. Something we knew positively our mother would not approve of as soon as they told us about it.

A great, wide, deep stream of water, called the mill-race, ran through the pasture. And Mary and Martha told us of a place where the water did not flow very swiftly and a little willow patch on the bank made a fine "dressing room." They said they and many other girls went in bathing and swimming there quite often. They wanted us to go in with them.

We went with them to the willow patch and they insisted that we could have a lovely time in the water and Mary would teach us to swim. They were sure we would enjoy it very much and no harm could come of it.

For a long time we answered "No," for our mother would not be pleased if we should take part in such sport, so we must not do it. They argued that we need not tell our mother and then she would not be troubled over it. To do anything we would feel afraid or



ashamed to tell our mother was something we were not in the habit of doing—in fact something we had never done in our lives up to that time—I think.

But after a while our persistent little playmates—tempters they were that day, though they meant no wrong—had over-persuaded us until we yielded to the temptation and made the awful venture which almost proved a fatal one.

The four of us undressed in the clump of willows and went down into the water, laughing and joking, and really having lots of fun. Mary had practiced and had been taught so that she was quite a swimmer. She showed us how to make strokes with hands and feet and keep floating on the water instead of sinking. Melissa, struck out with her into the water where it was deep and was soon able to swim almost as well as Mary did. Martha tried but did not succeed very well. I was afraid even to try, and so remained near the bank where the water was not deep enough to swim in. But I could splash about and enjoy seeing the others improving in their efforts to become expert swimmers.

When we remembered we had been instructed by our mothers not to be away from home very long we all began to climb up the bank which was rather high and slippery. I was the last to be scrambling out, and Martha, who was already on the bank looked back and called to me—"Oh say! Louisa, I meant to pull that rush near the bank, I want it; pull it for me before you come out, will you?"

I had to step back a little into the water to get a good hold of the rush; it did not loosen easily, and when I gave a hard pull it came up suddenly and I lost my footing and fell backward with my head down stream out where the water was deep enough to carry me off down the mill-race.

Afterwards I was told that Martha cried out in great terror, "Oh, Melis-

sa, come quick! Louisa is drowning!" Then Melissa, who had just taken up her clothes, threw them into the water instead of on the ground as she plunged in to rescue me. Then Mary jumped in and caught the clothes, and with that Martha jumped up and down on the bank screaming wildly, "Hurry, hurry up. Wait—wait! Hurry—hurry—hurry!"

Our kind, Heavenly Father and His angels were very good to us and saved my life. The girls got me out onto the bank and then a little farther onto the grass where I lay for some time, strangling and spitting up the water I had swallowed. Then we all dressed, Melissa in her wet clothes.

Those wet clothes would have created suspicion and we would have been questioned and should have had to tell what had happened even had we thought of doing otherwise. But we did not think of trying in the least to deceive our mother, we were too glad to confess to her the whole truth.

And mother was equally glad to forgive the serious mistake we had made without even scolding us. Perhaps she thought we had already received sufficient punishment—I having been nearly drowned and my sister frightened almost to death. Another thing which may have helped her to forgive us so readily was the great gratitude she must have felt at having us both safely out of such a scrape after getting into it, and our being humbly willing to acknowledge our fault. It was a life-long lesson to my sister and myself.

The lesson doubtless served for something to help us to be extra kind to every one and quickly obedient to our dear parents. We loved every member of the family better than ever before and especially the sweet, darling little baby brother so lately come to us from heaven.

My sister Melissa and myself are both mothers and both grandmothers now and she has several great-grand-



children. For many years we have been—and are still blest with the happy privilege of working in the Temples of the Lord. Guess how old we are.

### Food for Thought

To some men opposition is opportunity—like the wind against which the boy's kite rises.

Opening your eyes to the good in others is like opening the blinds to the sunlight.

Would you escape the necessity of restraint by others? Then, exercise self-restraint.

Sometimes the best kind of a good turn that you can do is to turn back and start over again.

When hard luck and hard work meet, it is usually as strangers.

Curiously enough, the man that does things worth boasting of never boasts.

The old saying that familiarity breeds contempt is only partly true. Familiarity with the best things breeds appreciation.—Selected.

### It Takes Grit

Frank Crane says: "It takes grit to do anything worth doing. All real crowns—soul crowns and achievement

crowns, not gold crowns—are rewards for fighting!"

It takes grit—

To say NO,

To be patient,

To save money,

To tell the truth,

To keep your temper,

To improve your mind,

To resist the mob,

To do your thinking,

To say, "I don't know,"

To exercise and keep your body fit,

To eat for Health and not for Sport,

To keep your Mind Clean, your Mouth Clean and your Soul Clean,

And not to worry;

But it is EASY—

To Side-step,

To be Irritable,

To go with the Crowd,

To Eat what you please,

To wait for something to Turn Up,

To give way to impulse and say, "I can't help it."

To follow your Impulse instead of your Intelligence.

To be Mentally Lazy, read nothing but Trash and have no habits of Study,

To fill your body with Disease, your mind with Error and Your Soul with Evil

It's easy going Down.

It takes Grit to go *up*, and *get on*, and to keep Decent.—*The Motor*.

### Juvenile Doll Cut-Outs

Dress on doll to be made the following colors: Collar bright red; strip between collar and dress, yellow; dress light green with red sash.

Feet white, sandals reddish brown, strap on sandals bright red; strip around bottom of dress, bright red. Color other dress as follows: Bodice, dark green; collar, dark red; strip between collar and bodice, light yellow. Dress light purple with

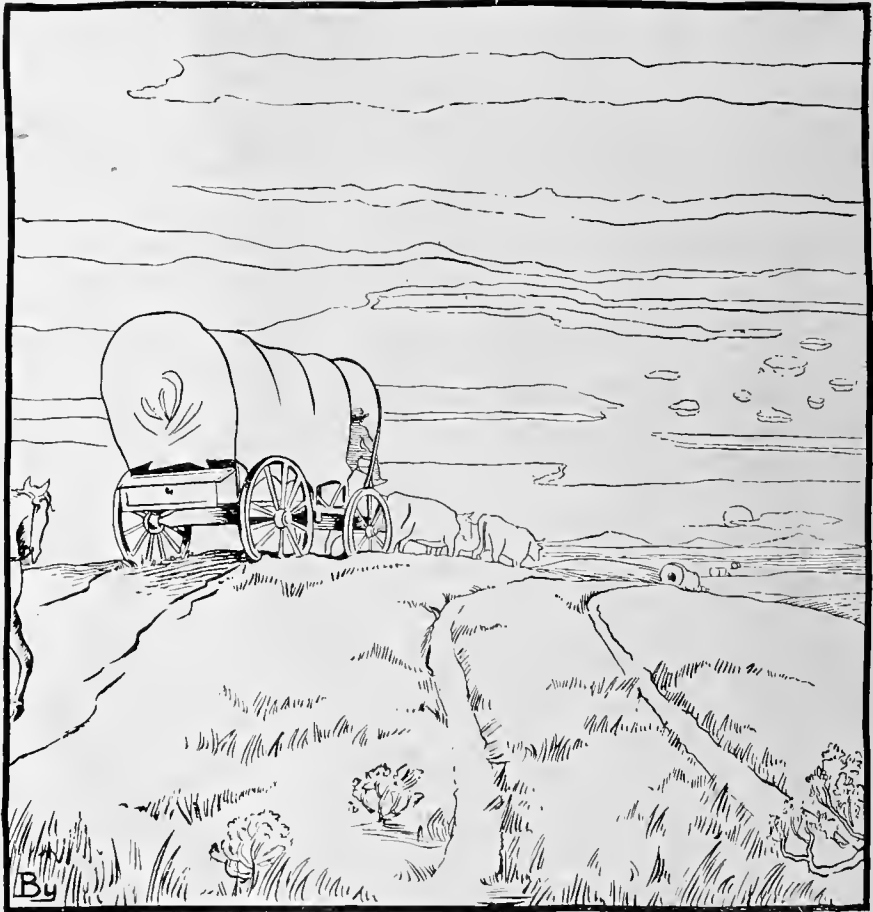
white stripes. Design on sash, very dark brown. Parasol, outer border light yellow, figures blue, balance light red and delicate pink. Face and hands of doll, brownish pink; color face to suit your own taste. Closed parasol yellow, with red borders. Lanyards yellow and white with red tips. Hand holding opened parasol will have to be pasted on.





Juvenile Doll Cut-Outs—The Little Japanese Girl





THE COVERED WAGON

### Something to Color

By J. A. Bywater

Sky very light blue; clouds pink with shading of red at bottom, with exception of the nine small clouds; make these light blue with red bottoms. Make sun bright red with red reflection in lake. Make mountains purple or brown. Make ground up to lake a green, use light green at top of hill in foreground; leave camp wagon covers white except ends—make these a green. Make horse, bottom part of wagon, man and oxen, purple. Make sage brush branches purple.





# THE CHILDREN'S BUDGET BOX

The Budget Box is written entirely by children under seventeen years of age. To encourage them, the "Juvenile Instructor" offers book prizes for the following.

Best original verses of not to exceed twenty lines.

Best original stories of not to exceed three hundred words.

Best amateur photographs, any size.

Best original drawings, black and white.

Every contribution must bear the name, age and address of the sender, and must be endorsed by teacher, parent or guardian as original.

Verses or stories should be written on one side of the paper only. Drawings must be black and white on plain white paper, and must not be folded.

Address: The Children's Budget Box, "Juvenile Instructor," 47 East South Temple Street, Salt Lake City, Utah.

## A Water Fight

One day last summer two or three boys and girls happened to be at our place. One suggested that we have a water fight.

"Fine!" we all shouted, and at once began donning old clothes to fight in. Jack, being about thirteen, was surely fitted right. He had a pair of old overalls, size forty-four. They had but one strap to keep them from slipping off. We laughed so hard that the boys came nearly getting the best of the fight. We pushed each other in the ditch, fell in the mud and drenched each other with whole buckets of water. Jack and Will tried hard to put Nellie in the ditch but she outwitted them and they went in instead. We laughed until we were so weak we could hardly stand up, and mama fairly made herself sick laughing. Jack's suspender broke at last and he had to hold his trousers up and run for his life, so we girls came out victorious. We all agreed that it was the most fun of the summer.

Louise Lee,  
Panaca, Nev.

Age 11.

## A Four-Footed Musician

We were all sitting around the library table reading, and were all exceptionally quiet. We were suddenly aroused by hearing someone or something playing the piano.

"What can that be?" questioned Alice. "Didn't you hear it?"

It played again.

"There it goes again. Surely Auntie is not trying to frighten us. No, It couldn't be, for she has been sick for nearly two weeks, now," suggested mother.

"Who will see who it is? I am sure I won't, for I am afraid of ghosts and I know that is what keeps playing the piano," I said.

Father very boldly arose, walked across the room and opened the music room door. He laughed very loudly.

This aroused our curiosity, so we immediately ran over to see what it was. To our surprise we beheld a cat walking very boldly across the piano keys.

Mildred Bailey,  
1628 E. 33rd So.,  
Salt Lake City, Utah.

Age 12.



### Dawn

The lark is in the meadow,  
The thrush is on the tree,  
The robin is flying swiftly  
With food for babies wee.

The big round sun is peeping  
From over the hill, so gray;  
The little flowers are lifting  
Their heads to greet the day.

The sky is tinted brightly  
With blue and pink and green;  
The peacock sits by the brook,  
Her colored feathers to preen.

The little brook is laughing,  
For diamonds upon it play;  
And even the cows are lowing  
For the welcome dawn of day.

Agnes Kilpack,

Age 14.

Manti, Utah.

### The Seasons

The spring is here and we are glad,  
We have such happy times.  
While spring is here we are not sad,  
For children's music chimes.

Then comes the summer time so gay,  
The birds sing in the trees.  
'Tis then we're working all the day,  
And sounds float on the breeze.

Then autumn comes with perfumes  
sweet,  
From orchards and from fields.  
We then have fruits so good to eat,  
And all that nature yields.

The winter comes with blankets white  
To cover flowers and trees.  
It covers them so snug and tight,  
I do not think they'll freeze.

Letho Peck,

Box 183,

Age 12

Rockland, Idaho.



**COPY BY MABEL NURSE**

14 Sussex Street, New Cleethorpes  
Grimsby, Lines, England

### To Miss Flapper

Blessings on thee little dame.  
Bare back girl with knees the same,  
With thy rolled down silken hose,  
And thy short transparent clothes.

With thy red lips reddened more,  
Smeared with lip-stick from the store,  
With thy bobbed hair's jaunty grace;  
Crowning powdered, pink-white face.  
From my heart I give thee joy,  
Glad that I was born a boy.

Vida Chapman,

Aged 14.

1758 Penn St.,

Denver, Colo.



## A Primary Trip

One fine July morning about 11 o'clock a number of Primary officers and children and myself started to the hills for a camping trip. We arrived at our camping grounds as the evening was drawing near:

We pitched our tents prepared for a hearty supper after which we made our beds and retired for the night.

We got up early the following morning and prepared to take a hike; we all took our dinner along with us. We walked all day exploring the hills and valleys, then returned to camp tired and hungry.

We continued this for a week, picking fruit, plucking flowers. Playing games in the saw-dust pile as we went along.

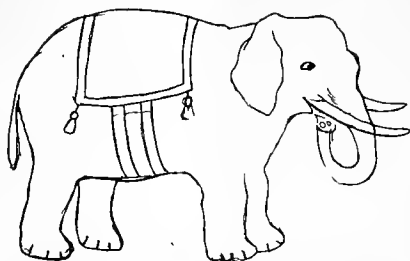
We started homeward bright and early and reached our homes in safety that afternoon. We all had a pleasant trip and hope to go again.

Vivian Lucas,

Age 9.

Stavely,

Alberta, Canada.



DRAWN BY WALTER O. HANSON

Age 9

Providence, Utah

## Spring

Spring is coming  
And winter is gone.  
For I hear the bluebird  
Singing his song.

Flowers are coming  
Of every kind,  
Bees gathering honey  
From flowers they find.

Birds are flying  
Through the air,  
Making music  
Everywhere.

Ruth Gilchrist,  
R. F. D. No. 1,  
Ontario, Oregon.

Age 9.

## Sister's Desire

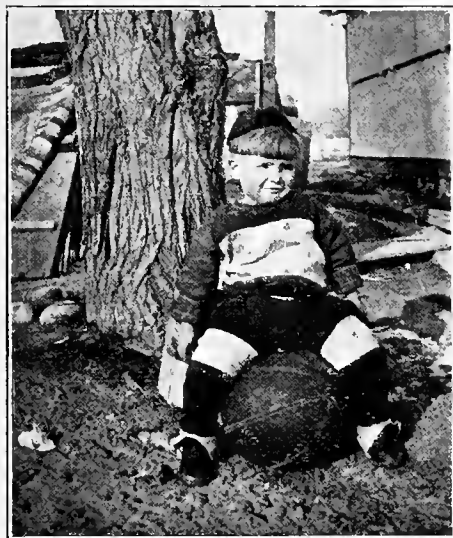
Said Sister Polly to Sister Sue,  
"Won't you be glad for summer?  
There's horse-back riding and taking  
hikes  
And a thousand things of number."

"We'll have to put our dolls away,  
And our picture and story books,  
too,  
We'll live out in the open,  
And have many pleasures to do."

Then cheer for the season, summer,  
Boost it far and wide,  
'Til the sound of it rings like music  
And echoes on every side.

Gladys Billings,  
Imbler, Oregon.

Age 10.



"BUDDY BELL"

Our Basket Ball Champion  
Photo by Glenn Hoefelty  
Duchesne, Utah





BY JOS. C. GIBBY

R. F. D. No. 4, Box 290

Age 15

Ogden, Utah

### When Summer Goes

The hills were red, the sky was blue,  
The sun poured forth its golden hue,  
The still lake glistened with a silver  
glow.

Birds sang and twittered wherever  
you'd go.

The air was filled with many a song.

But, ah! without warning came winter  
along.

The birds stopped singing, to the south  
they flew.

I'm glad winter's come, I think you are,  
too.

But the birds didn't like it, as we all  
know,

Because birds don't like the frost and  
snow.

Paul Rampton,

Age 12.

Bountiful, Utah.

### The Little Frog

Once I saw a little frog,  
Sitting on a great big log.

Then he told his servants to bring,  
A music book so he could sing.

Then he sang and sang the whole night  
through,

Until we rejoiced when he was  
through.

This frog was the best I ever saw,  
Because he could sing and he could  
draw.

Dorothy Christensen,

Age 10.

Box 246,

Grace, Idaho.



Drawn By Byron Grant

Age 12

Riverside, Utah



**LEARNING TO DARN****BY GOLDEN ANDERSON**

Age 14

Grover, Wyoming

**Duties of Citizenship**

(Oration which won First Prize at the School Fair at Marvel, Oct. 12, 1922).

We hear much about the privileges of citizenship, but we hear less of its duties. Yet citizenship has obligations which every individual who enjoys life and liberty under our flag should perform.

Voting is not only a privilege but a duty. Every good citizen will be found at the ballot box doing his utmost to elect men who are capable of handling public affairs. He will do his part to enforce the election laws, and will prevent as far as possible the buying and selling of votes.

It is the desire of most voters to put into office men who have the talent and ability to make laws. Such men, when they have been elected, should let no selfish motives prevent them from accepting the position. Some men are office-seekers, but these men are often dishonest or without the ability to rule the nation. Let the office seek the man, not the man the office.

A citizen who has the welfare of his country at heart, will be willing to pay his share of taxes, to help support the nation. The individual who doesn't pay his taxes, doesn't deserve the protection of life and liberty which the government affords.

Every citizen, who is physically able, should be willing to defend his flag and country in time of war. Military Service must necessarily call for some sacrifice in the life of an individual. But the government has a claim on every able bodied man, and the right to call on them whenever the safety of our country is threatened.

Perhaps one of the most unpleasant duties is that of serving on jury. Jurymen may be kept from their business several days or even weeks if the trial is a long one; yet our courts are the safeguards of liberty, and it is necessary to secure fair-minded, impartial jurors. Most of us will never be called to give our lives to our country. Yet we may all serve it best by becoming up-right law-abiding honest citizens.

Cora Roberts,

Age 14.

Redmesa, Col.



























**Honorable Mention**

Wilma Adair, Orderville, Utah.  
 Mary Ashby, Ogden, Utah.  
 Dora Barkle, Thatcher, Utah.  
 Ruth Bauer, Eureka, Utah.  
 Brookie Bellany, Superior, Arizona.  
 Mary Boyles.  
 Cleo Buck, Glenwoodville, Alberta, Can.  
 Vera Conlin, Treasureton, Idaho.  
 Ivan Cordingley, Samaria, Idaho.  
 Margaret Edwards, Freedom, Wyoming.  
 Tressie Edwards, Freedom, Wyoming.  
 Richard Evans, Shiprock, New Mexico.  
 Jessie Field, Beaver City, Utah.  
 Johnny Frank, Lehi, Utah.  
 Nellie Farmer, Byron, Wyoming.  
 Hazel Gleave, Antimony, Utah.  
 Priscilla Hall, Washington, Utah.  
 Ina Huggins, Riverton, Utah.  
 Claudia Joseph, Parowan, Utah.  
 Virginia Kitchen, Tridell, Utah.  
 Norma Kathryn Madsen, Silver City Utah.  
 Clyde Ricks, Boise, Idaho.  
 Josephine Roghaar, Grace, Idaho.  
 Beulah Samuels, Vernal, Utah.  
 Darcey Vance, Fairview, Utah.  
 Lois Virgin, Salem, Idaho.  
 Elden Watson, Dubois, Idaho.  
 Irene Ward, Declo, Idaho.  
 Margaret Williams, Blackfoot, Idaho.  
 Dena Winkel, Richfield, Utah.  
 Marcella Woolsey, Haw Bush, Utah.




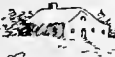





# PINKY-WINKY STORIES








CLIP, clap! went the , and out came --- the Pinky-Winky Twins themselves! "It's me!" cried . "It's me!" cried . "And we've got on our , and we're taking hold of !" "Be quiet," said Uncle Billy, "till I tell you the story. The Pinky-Winky   were the nicest and most troublesome little girls in the whole , and they had the nicest uncle in the whole , and his name was Uncle Billy. This  told the most beautiful -stories, one for every month in the year. There were stories about a  and a , and a -tree and a  and a . And there were stories about a  and a  and a  and a  and a beautiful . And still those Pinky-Winky   kept asking for more. Now the very nice uncle was as busy as a  making up all these beautiful stories, and when he got to the  story, he was so tired he could not make up another one. 'The stories are all done,' said the very nice . 'And this














very afternoon I shall take the  and go to a very nice farm  that I know, where they have  and  and  and  and  and






everything nice, and I shall stay there a whole month and rest.' Then the Pinky-Winky   looked very sad, and the large  began to roll down out of their   . But when the


very nice uncle saw this, he said, 'Wipe away the  from your   , quick, and I will tell you something more. Mama is going to the very nice farm  with me, and --- whisper! --- so are  and  !' Then the Pinky-Winky   danced right up and down for joy, like this . . . "

Snip, snap! went the  , and there were the Pinky-Winky Twins dancing right

up and down for joy. "Really!" cried  . "Truly?" cried

 . "Really and truly!" said Uncle Billy. "Go and get

your  on this minute while I hide my  and tear up my

 , and then it's off for the country, and the pigs and the chickens shall tell the next Pinky-Winky story!"







# THE FUNNY BONE

## High Praise

"Is she very pretty?"  
 "Pretty! Say, when she gets on a street-car the advertising is a total loss."  
 —Boston Transcript.

## Location Good

Attorney—And where did you see him milking the cow?  
 Witness—A little past the center, sir.—Michigan Gargoyle.

## Missed

Mike—"Tis a fine kid you have here. A magnificent head and noble features. Say, could you lend me a couple of dollars?"  
 Pat—I could not. 'Tis me wife's child by her first husband!

## Double Action

George—I put a tack on teacher's chair yesterday.  
 Gerald—Did you? I bet he won't sit down in a hurry again.  
 George—No; and neither will I.—Western Christian Advocate (Cincinnati).

## The Genus Trampus

Weary Willie—Poor old Tim received a severe fall t'other day.  
 Slippery Sam—How was that?  
 Weary Willie—Workmen removed the telephone post he was leanin' agen an' his doctor says it'll be some time before he'll be able t' loaf agen."

## Some Mistake

The telephone in a well-known surgeon's office rang, and the doctor answered it. A voice inquired, "Who is this?"  
 The doctor readily recognized the voice of his seven-year-old son. Although an exceedingly busy man, he was always ready for a bit of fun, so he replied:  
 "The smartest man in the world."  
 "I beg your pardon," said the boy, "I have the wrong number"—The Austin (Texas) Cumberland,

## These Radio Days

"And what did the poor little dog do when you brutal boys tied the can to his tail?"  
 "Oh, he just went broadcastin' down the road."—Philadelphia Retail Ledger.

## Limerick

There was a young man of Chicago  
 Who wanted to see a buzz saw go  
 So he put his face  
 Up close to the place  
 And now people ask, Where'd his jaw go?

## Agreed

"And you tell men several men proposed marriage to you?" he asked savagely.  
 "Yes, several," his wife replied.  
 "Well, I only wish you had married the first fool who proposed."  
 "I did."—Fun Boob.

## Moving Along

"Niggah, has yo' jined dis heah Ku Klux yet?"  
 "Now, but dis heah Ku Klux has been tryin' to jine me fo' de last fo' miles an' a half."—Nashville Tennessean.

## Amenities.

Rastus and Mose were having a heated argument. In reply to some remark of Rastus, Mose said:  
 "Guess I know, niggah! Don't you think I've got any brains?"  
 "Huh!" Rastus replied. "Niggah, it brains were dynamite, you couldn't blow off your hat!"—The Labor Clarion.

## Prepared to Stay

The train, as usual, crawled along—you know the line—and then stopped dead. "Conductor," shouted a passenger, "may I get out and pick some flowers?"  
 "Afraid you won't find many around here" said the conductor good-naturedly.  
 "Oh, there'll be heaps of time," commented the jovial one, "I've brought a package of seeds!"



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